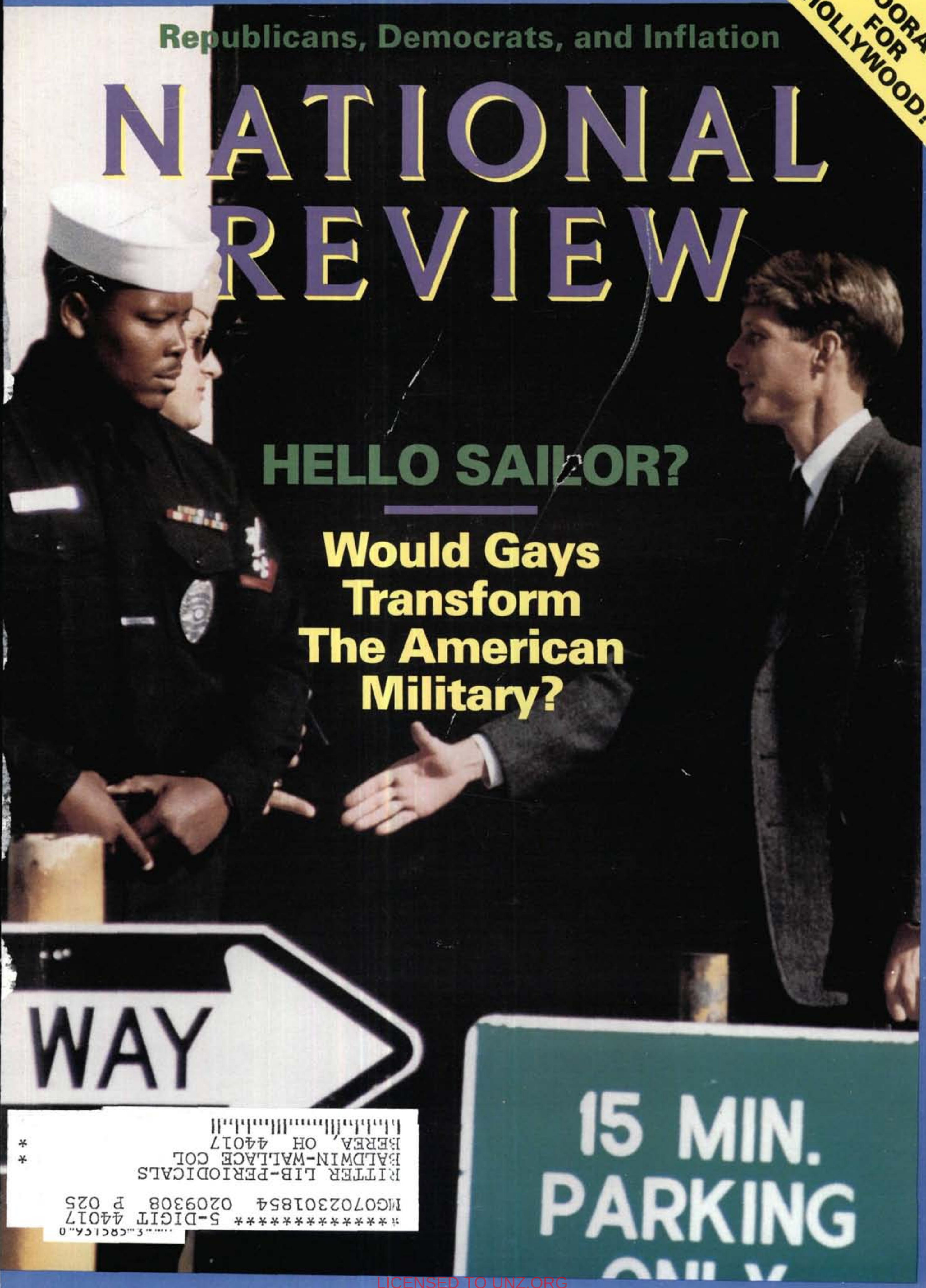
April 26, 1993 49145 $2.95

VOL. 45 NO 8

Republicans, Democrats, and Inflation

NATIONAL REVIEW

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD?



HELLO SAILOR?

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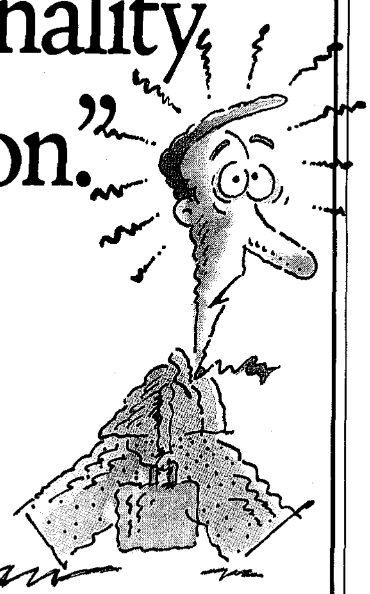
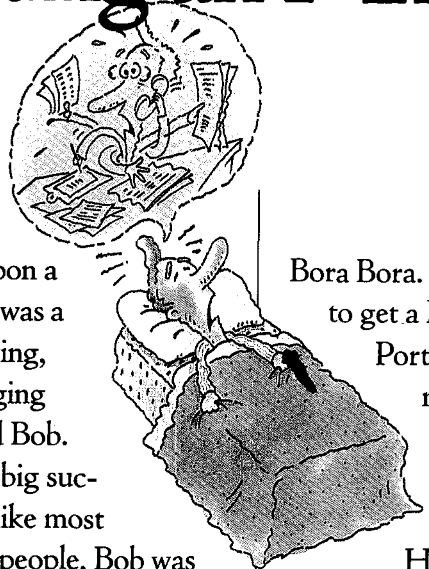
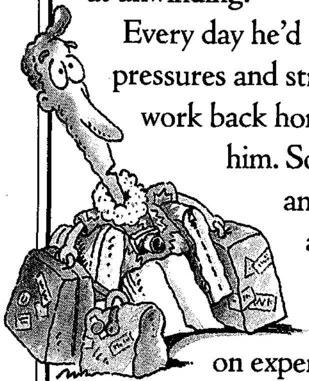
As heard on the Rush Limbaugh Program.

"I was a Type-A personality getting an F in relaxation."





Once upon a time there was a hard-working, hard-charging guy named Bob. Bob was a big success. But, like most successful people, Bob was good at working, but terrible at unwinding.



Every day he'd take the pressures and stress of work back home with him. So, to relax and get away from it all, Bob would go on expensive, exotic vacations.

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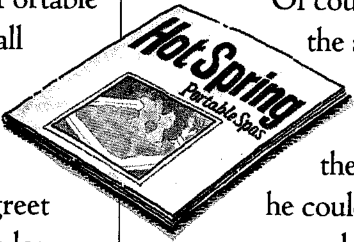

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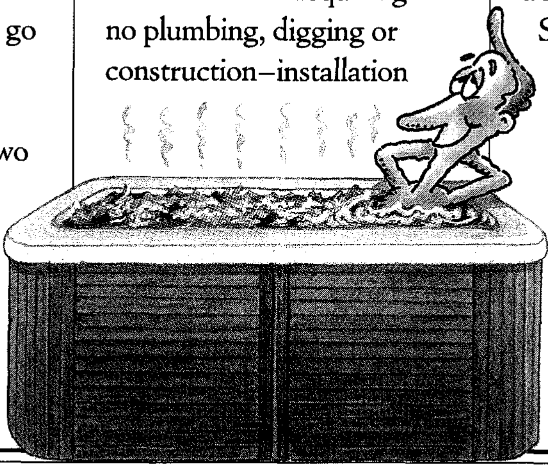

Of course, being the smart guy that he is, Bob liked the fact that he could use his spa every day for just pennies. And that every HotSpring Spa comes with a five year limited warranty.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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LETTERS

Causing Rebels

Although I cannot fault any of the conclusions Myron Magnet reaches in his article, "The Dream and the Nightmare" [March 15], I wish he had more carefully read my book, *Castaways* (Chelsea Green, 1988), from which he quotes to make his case that I was "stumped" once I had come to the realization that the job of rehabilitating delinquent teenagers went beyond simply "changing the environment to change the kid."

Had he done so, he might have noticed that I make exactly the same point he does when he argues that "the most powerful curb [to criminal behavior] is the internal inhibition society builds into each man's character."

"My concept of rehabilitation," I wrote, "had nothing to do with the non-judgmental efforts to help a kid 'get in touch with his feelings' I had been reading about. Instead, weaning a boy from delinquency had to involve the self-conscious effort to instill in him a code of honor strong enough that he would make the meeting of its standards the measure of his own self worth."

Aren't we both saying the same thing?

George Cadwalader
Woods Hole, Mass.

I well remember the passage George Cadwalader quotes from his admirable and utterly absorbing book, and I assuredly did not bring him forth to disparage him. Where I take issue with him is not on the source of law-abiding behavior, but rather on the roots of lawlessness. —MM

Smoking Castro Out

NR is rarely wrong, especially on consequential matters, such as Fidel Castro's personal habits. But your item on Hillary's White House smoking restrictions ["The Week," March 1] was based on seriously outdated intelligence.

On an unescorted fact-finding trip to Cuba in March 1992, one fact I unearthed was that Castro had stopped his cigar puffing five years before. If the CIA was unaware, I should hardly blame you! Of course, Castro continues to encourage the export of fine Cuban cigars.

Speaking of Castro, would you entertain a novel approach to expedite his overthrow? I'm not referring to poisoning his beard or another Bay of Pigs invasion. Why not something more startling, like a White House announcement? "On May 1, 1993, the United States will end its economic embargo against Cuba. No conditions."

Though this idea is anathema in conservative circles, it would be electrifying from Miami to Havana. It would give the long-suffering Cuban people hope at last, and would strip Castro of his chief weapon of oppression—anti-Yankeeism. And it would doubtless open the door to a struggle—chaotic to be sure—among those Cubans in Cuba and the United States eager to replace the aging, but healthy, guerrilla.

Ernest W. Lefever
Washington, D.C.

Pork Finder

Perhaps while you were watching Bill Clinton attempt to add $187 million to the Amtrak budget, you missed several expenditure reductions in your March 15 editorial ["The Week"]: Agency for International Development, coal reserves, community development block grants, Conservation Reserve, Economic Development Administration, farm and dairy subsidies, Farmers Home Administration, federal helium reserve, federal wastewater treatment construction grants, International Trade Administration, market promotion program, military commissaries and post exchanges, Naval Petroleum Reserves, Power Marketing Administrations, public housing, "Service Contract" law, space station, Strategic Petroleum Reserve, student loans, U.S. payments to international cartels (the International Coffee Organization, the International Tropical Timber Organization, the International Jute Organization, and the International Rubber Organization), and others.

Robert Little
La Jolla, Calif.

School Choice

I share many of Jeffrey A. Tucker's concerns about the potential for vouchers to invite the governmental over-regulation of private schools ["Evils of Choice," March 1]. Although I arrive at a different conclusion—ultimately, I'm a supporter of choice—I did not expect to encounter what I consider the misrepresentation of my views in these pages: to say that I regard increased state control over private schools a "virtue" is simply ludicrous. The remark not only contradicts opinions I've expressed elsewhere in print, but it's also a bizarre extrapolation from my simple statement of fact: like it or not, most proposed choice laws include non-discrimination clauses.

John J. Miller
Washington, D.C.

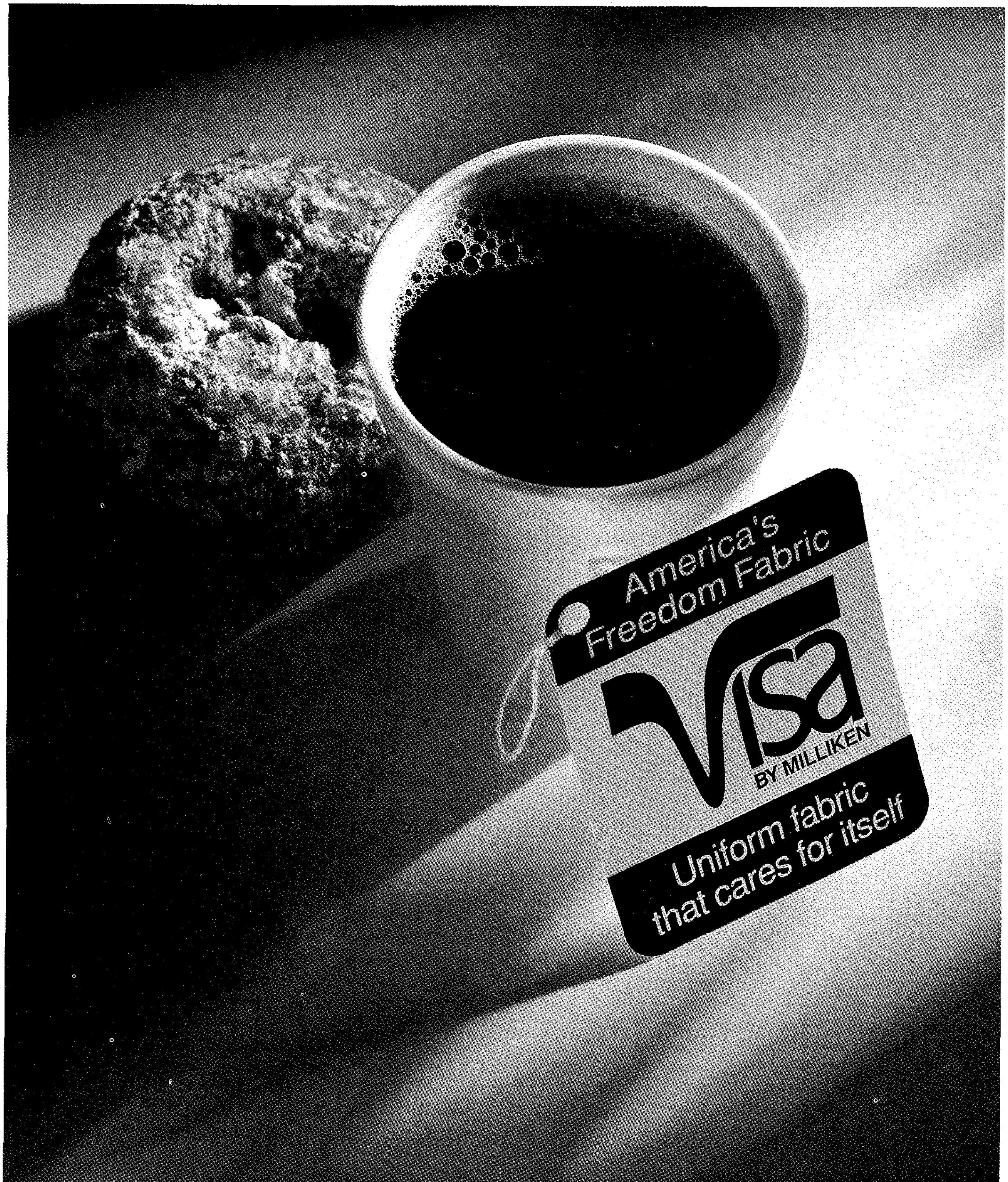
Despite his nebulous last line, I hope Mr. Miller opposes non-discrimination clauses. They subvert freedom of association and, in today's political and judicial climate, will wreck private-school autonomy. But then he cannot use the existence of such clauses as an argument for *government subsidies to private schools, as he did in* NATIONAL REVIEW *["Whose Choice?" Dec. 14]: "Vouchers would encourage a racial commingling that does not occur in our present neighborhood-based public schools," he says, because "many voucher programs are means-tested for low- and middle-income families, and most choice plans include non-discrimination clauses."* —JT

Preaching against Christ

William E. Simon's distress at the religious and ethical decay in American life leads him to plead, "Where are the voices of the Catholic Church, the Protestant mainline churches, and the leaders of the Jewish community?" ["Notes and Asides," March 15].

The answer, at least from the Protestant side, is that their voices have been cheering, indeed instigating, the very decay Mr. Simon decries. The faith and life of the churches are now structured by modernist assumptions about history, truth, and human nature; they are historicist, relativistic, and humanistic, and reject even the possibility of the miraculous. Protestants historically believed that God had revealed himself in His Son, Jesus Christ, and that revelation has been inscripturated in the Bible. As a result, Protestants emphasized the study of the Bible, not as great literature, but as the truth of God. In contrast, modernist assumptions have produced a misguided critical study of the Gospels that has left the churches uncertain about the historical Jesus. And from that has flowed the sad situation that the most vocal critics of classic Christianity are the clergy of the mainline churches.

Rev. Jack Dennis Kinneer
Easton, Pa.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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello to All That

■ Magazines specializing in foreign affairs have long tended to be solemn: A typical title: "New Trends in SEATO—the Economic Infrastructure of a Military Commitment," by the Chief Minister of the Federated Malay States.

Even when the author was someone you had heard of (e.g., the President), the prose would be thick, glutinous, and written by civil servants to avoid controversy. Then *The National Interest* was established and foreign policy became readable again. It is edited by Owen Harries, a Welsh-Australian who, among other careers, was Australian ambassador to UNESCO.

If that sounds like a joke by the Australian comedian, Barry Humphries (one of whose characters is the Rabelaisian "Sir Les Patterson, Australian Cultural Attaché to the Court of St. James's"), I doubt if UNESCO thinks it very funny since Mr. Harries, alarmed by the experience, was a prime mover in the campaign to get the U.S. out of the organization.

Not surprisingly. He is a shrewd historian, a sardonic observer, and a conservative realist who does not suffer gladly foolish theories about America's exporting democracy.

In a few years, *The National Interest* became the most topical and entertaining journal in its field without any loss of authority. Its major productions include Francis Fukuyama's "The End of History," which sparked an international debate and elicited replies from Robert Bork, Allan Bloom, and Gertrude Himmelfarb; the debate on American's post–Cold War role between Charles Krauthammer ("Universal Dominion") and Pat Buchanan ("America First, and Second, and Third"); and now a special issue on "The Strange Death of Soviet Communism," written by its most far-sighted opponents, notably Richard Pipes, Robert Conquest, and Saul Bellow.

Indeed, *The National Interest*'s appearance has invigorated the whole stable of foreign-policy journals. The sedate *Foreign Affairs*, already livelier under William Hyland, is positively headline grabbing under its new editor, James Hoge, and managing editor, Fareed Zakaria (whose work first saw the light of day in *The National Interest*). Its first issue under new management includes Peter Drucker on "The End of Japan, Inc.," an interview with David Owen on the Balkans, and a debate on militant Islam.

All this is good news for those of us interested in Abroad; but a grim prospect for the Chief Minister of the Federated Malay States.

■ Several readers have asked the identity of the author of the "Dear Rusty" letters (page 45). The answer, of course, is Vice President Gore. But I have yet to identify our go-between.

Every week I get a telephone call from someone using the code name "Hoosier." We meet in an underground garage. Well wrapped in a scarf, he passes me the latest missive. Under the disguise, he seems of medium height, fair-haired, and blue-eyed. Late one time, I caught him practicing a golf swing. Also he has a warm disposition. When I asked his opinion of Al Gore, he replied that he was "the best thing that ever happened to me."

Then he laughed a lot.

■ For most of last year, issues of *NR* going to the nine Western states had an eight-page insert covering regional issues. Very popular with readers, NR West was sadly less popular with advertisers—and we had to discontinue it after the election. Now, in cooperation with California's Claremont Institute, we are hoping to revive it.

A dinner to raise funds for that purpose—and to honor Henry Salvatori, the conservative philanthropist—will be held on May 7, at the Westin Bonaventure Hotel in Los Angeles. Speakers will include William Bennett, William Rusher, and Bruce Herschensohn. For information, call the Claremont Institute at 909-621-6825.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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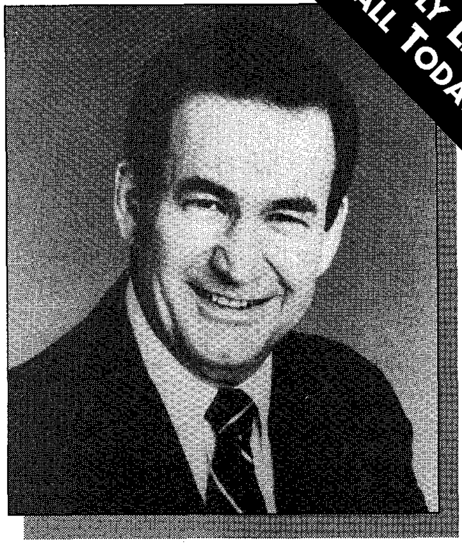

Patrick J. Buchanan

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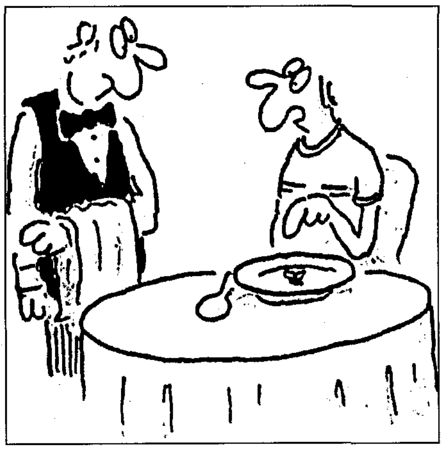
FOR THE RECORD

■ Americans for Tax Reform presses congressmen to sign no-tax pledge; next step is getting them to honor it. GOP Reps. **Steve Gunderson** (Wisc.), **Wayne Gilchrest** (Md.), **Jerry Solomon** (N.Y.), and **Bill Young**, (Fla.), and Democratic Rep. **Kika de la Garza** (Tex.) all broke pledge in voting for amendments to **Bill Clinton**'s tax package or the package itself. . . . New Jersey Rep. **Dick Zimmer** (R.) has launched anti-tax group to persuade fellow Garden State representatives and senators to vote against higher taxes. . . . Congressional conservatives seem poised to call for resignation of Chamber of Commerce officials after CoC's reversal from supporting pro-growth economics to supporting Clintonomics. . . . Only one out of the nine Democrats running in special elections to fill vacant House seats this year is articulating support for Clinton economic plan. . . . **Michael Barone** reports that after 1990 budget deal, 65 per cent of Democrats and 70 per cent of Republicans who were up for reelection saw approval ratings drop. . . . Conservatives heartened by likelihood that either **Bob Ernst** or **Bill McCampbell** will get GOP nod for June 8 race to fill California seat vacated by now–OMB Director **Leon Panetta**. . . . Looking ahead to '94, some Democrats seem vulnerable. Sen. **Dennis DeConcini** (Ariz.) trails conservative Rep. **John Kyl** 44 to 39 per cent in early polls. DeConcini, tainted by **Keating** Five scandal, is generally unpopular; in fact, some feel he may be knocked out in primary by Arizona Secretary of State **Dick Mahoney**. . . . In Pennsylvania, Sen. **Harris Wofford** angered pro-lifers by coming out in support for Freedom of Choice Act and angered pro-choicers by proposing restricting amendments to it. He promised in his campaign against **Dick Thornburgh** in 1991 to support Pennsylvania restrictions and oppose federal law codifying *Roe*.

■ Pollsters **Fabrizio & McLaughlin** found that only 31 per cent would favor **Mario Cuomo**'s nomination to the Supreme Court. When respondents were told Cuomo opposes death penalty, only 19 per cent were in favor. . . . Same pollsters found that **Hillary Clinton** has an approval rating of 57 per cent, but Hillary *Rodham* Clinton has approval rating of 49 per cent. . . . Conservative Rep. **Bill Paxon** (N.Y.) is chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee. But it seems the views of his girlfriend, liberal GOP Rep. **Susan Molinari** (N.Y.), are being given priority at NRCC. Rep. Molinari is close to Republican for Choice head **Ann Stone**, and has a hand in influencing Paxon to select pro-choicers. . . . Demand by **Jesse Jackson** for boycott of baseball until more blacks are put in front offices recalls earlier statement by Toronto Blue Jays' **Dave Stewart**: Jackson, he says, "seems to pop up when it's opportunistic for him. It's a shame to ask [players] to make a difference for something that's bigger than baseball."

■ Some in Germany have floated idea of electing **Ignatz Bubis**, a Frankfurt real-estate broker, to the largely ceremonial but prestigious presidency because he is a Jew. . . . **Ezer Weizman**, certified WWII "fly-boy," author of the air victory in 1967 Six Days War, and politician who has migrated from hawk to dove, is Israel's new president. . . . British Foreign Secretary **Douglas Hurd**, after a Washington visit taken up by Vice President **Al Gore** talking about environmental and world-population problems while Hurd wanted to talk about Russia and Bosnia: "At some stage, they are going to have to start dealing with issues they can do something about." . . . **André Glucksman**, leading French intellectual in favor of intervention against Serbia, says: "I can't believe that the combined firepower of the United States, France, Italy, and Britain cannot inflict a limited defeat on the Serbs." . . . Preliminary planning for a Bosnian peacekeeping force after the warring parties sign a peace agreement calls for 64,000 NATO troops, according to Admiral **Jeremy M. Boorda**, NATO's Southern Europe commander. . . . International Monetary Fund's Russian mission chief **Jean Foglizzo** answered Clinton's call to be more flexible in lending to the Russians with a charge that "lack of decisiveness" and no agreement between various levels of government in Moscow would continue to hold up IMF lending. . . . "People there are saying once again that if the West had helped **Yeltsin** more, Yeltsin would not be having these difficulties," writes **Yelena Bonner** (Mrs. **Andrei Sakharov**). "But he would still be having them—because they are not basically in the economic sphere."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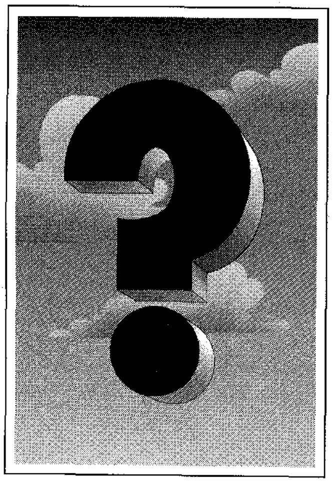
"Waiter, the fly's finished my soup."

■ Catalogue of Daedalus Books offers this in brief review of upcoming *Recollections of a Life*, by **Alger Hiss**: "The recent opening of Soviet intelligence archives has demonstrated, with little doubt, that Hiss was innocent." . . . *Arizona Republic* publishers have fired conservative editorial-page editor **William Cheshire** and replaced him with more-to-the-left *Phoenix Gazette* editorial-page editor **Paul Schatt**. *Arizona Republic* is owned by the family of **Dan Quayle**. . . . One owner who respects editorial independence is **Rupert Murdoch**, who after re-buying *New York Post*, made himself editor-in-chief.

■ Sign in Old Executive Office Building, occupants of which overwhelmingly represent twentysomething bunch: "Don't Trust Anybody over 30. They probably worked for **Carter**."

PERHAPS THE ONLY UNIVERSITY THAT REALIZES MOST 18 YEAR-OLDS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY WANT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES.



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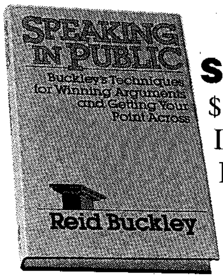
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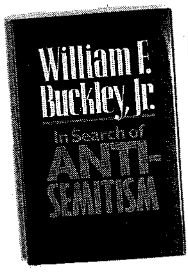
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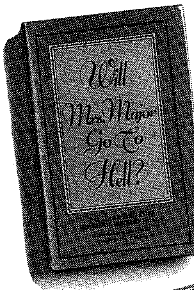
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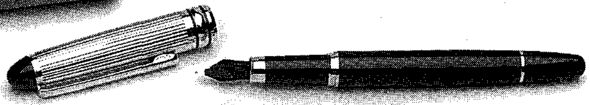

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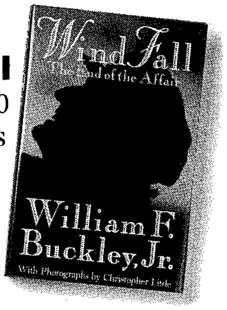
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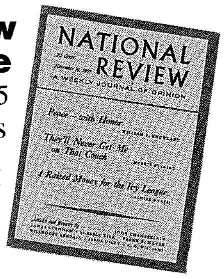
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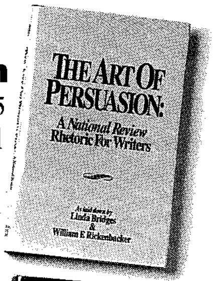
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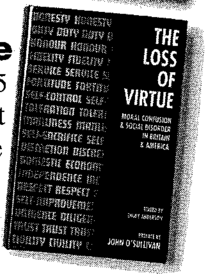
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THE WEEK

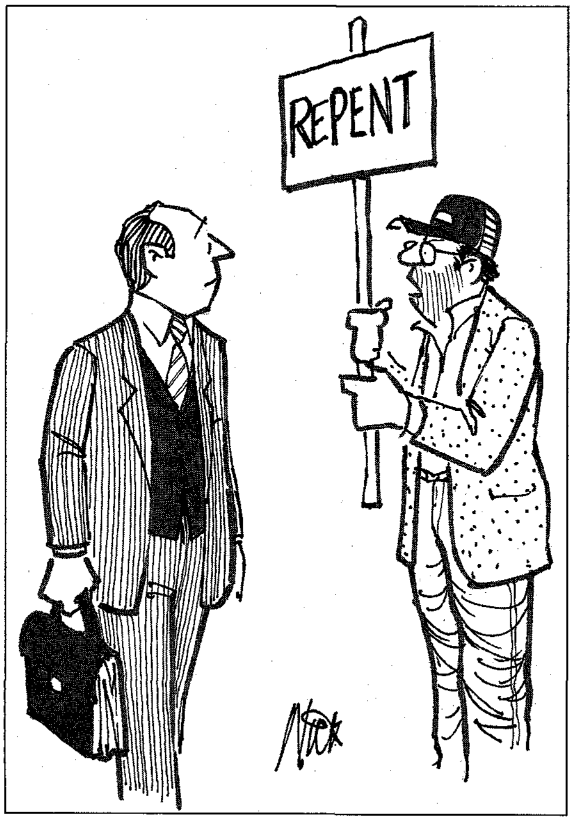
■ Our sources in Vancouver tell us that Boris Yeltsin strongly urged Bill Clinton to move toward a market economy.

■ While Senate Republicans have been in a pitched battle with their Democratic colleagues and the White House over Mr. Clinton's economic proposals, their new party chairman has been absent from view. But it now appears that Haley Barbour is a man with a plan. Mr. Barbour has created a "think tank" at the Republican National Committee to help Republicans figure out what they believe in. He intends to spend $3.5 million to commune with party leaders in some two hundred forums around the country. Given that the GOP already has a platform that is tough on government spending, crime, and Congress, and in favor of capital-gains and family tax relief, school choice, and free trade, it's not clear what the party elders need to talk *about*. Maybe they just like talking—or maybe Mr. Barbour is hoping to talk his way out of the above platform. This expensive soul-searching is particularly bizarre as the party currently enjoys extraordinary unity in the face of a Democratic-controlled White House and Congress. Mr. Barbour might leave the $3.5 million in the bank, and instead spend a few hundred dollars taking freshman Republican congressmen to lunch, where he'll learn that they didn't win their campaigns by running away from their party's platform.

■ The U.S. Navy seems about to run up the white flag in the Gender War. Reports from the Pentagon indicate that Admiral Frank Kelso II, the Chief of Naval Operations, has approved a sweeping plan to allow women to serve in all the Navy's direct combat positions. No evident need exists for the Kelso initiative. The armed forces are contracting rather than expanding, and do not require a source of new personnel. During the Gulf War, morale and discipline problems emerged, including a high rate of pregnancy. But top Navy brass were demoralized by the Tailhook incident in 1991. Earlier that year, Admiral Kelso had testified before the Senate that he supported the ban on women in combat on the grounds of preserving combat effectiveness. After Tailhook, however, Secretary of the Navy Sean O'Keefe, supported by Dick Cheney, wanted above all else to atone for the sexual harassment of several Navy women. The price, it turned out, is an end to the ban on women in combat, leaked in time to blunt further criticism from Pat Schroeder's troops when the Navy finally releases the results of its investigation into Tailhook. The Air Force, Army, and Marine Corps are reportedly dismayed, doubting they can now maintain their own prohibitions on women in combat. Our new Commander-in-Chief will doubtless approve of old men sending young women into battle.

■ The State Department finally conceded April 5 that the Egyptian government had been warning us for months about the danger posed by Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman and his fundamentalist agitation in New Jersey. The U.S. seemed fairly blasé about what the Mubarak government saw as a) a real threat to Egypt and b) a potential threat here as well. Human-rights groups are already gearing up a campaign against President Mubarak for his police crackdown on the fundamentalists. He must be wondering which side the Clinton Administration will be on; perhaps Mr. Clinton is wondering the same thing.

■ Incidentally, we note with alarm that William Kunstler is working with the defense lawyers in the World Trade Center bombing case. He was quick to charge President Mubarak with trying to prejudice the case against the defendants by disclosing that one of them had given "a great deal of information about the bombing." He has a legal point. But we may also need to add a codicil to the Fifth Amendment: No inference of guilt may be drawn from the fact that you are being defended by Bill Kunstler.



"The world would have ended last week if Republicans hadn't blocked it."

■ At her first news conference, Attorney General Janet Reno was asked whether she supported the adoption of new statutes making it a federal crime to block access to abortion clinics. She replied that while state laws adequately addressed this crime, no federal laws did; and therefore she supported passage of new legislation. The assembled press corps—including specialists such as NPR's Nina Totenberg and NBC's Carl Stern—nodded and passed on to the next question. But the attorney general's answer was remarkable, and precisely wrong. If state and local laws adequately address the matter, why is a new *federal* statute needed? What is left of our federal system if state criminal-justice systems are not permitted to handle even trespass cases? If blocking an abortion clinic must be a federal crime, requiring investigation by the FBI and prosecution by the U.S. attorney, why not more serious crimes of rape and murder? Janet Reno was a state prosecutor and should have been expected to show a better understanding of federalism and a greater faith in state systems. But then again, if she had all that, would Mrs. Clinton have approved her in the first place?

■ A Louisiana court has found unconstitutional a local sex-education curriculum that suggests abstinence as a possible means of avoiding unwanted pregnancies and sexual diseases. According to the *Dallas Morning News*'s summary of the judge's finding, the curriculum violates "the taboo on interjecting religious beliefs and moral judgments into teaching." Those who view this decision as hostile to religious and moral values simply need to read it more carefully. Properly understood, the decision is not about values, but about animal rights. One ground for the judge's criticism is the view of the curriculum that "human reproduction has a higher meaning than animal reproduction." If Louisiana would merely recommend human and animal chastity equally, the Constitution would be satisfied.

■ For a moment it seemed that the Senate would halt the President's rush to fill Promise Limbo. He tried to break his promise to enact a uniform energy tax by exempting ethanol and methanol fuels, but the Senate voted down the proposed change, creating a new concept—an *unbroken* Clinton promise. Elsewhere, however, the President backed down from his proposed cuts in Tennessee Valley Authority operations when Senators Sasser and Heflin protested. He retreated before Western senators by rescinding his pledge to impose market-rate user-fees on federal lands. He caved in to Senators Byrd and Ford and granted coal a lighter energy tax than oil. And remember his pledge to rely exclusively on Congressional Budget Office economic forecasts ("Let's at least argue about the same set of numbers")? It's gone the way of the dodo too. When Fleetwood Mac sang "Little Lies," the President inhaled.

The Stimulus Squeals 'Oink!'

At the trough, it resembles a sow
With the manners that Mom won't allow,
  But Bill Clinton maintains,
  Though its etiquette pains,
It gives cash, so it must be a cow.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Making the rounds in Washington: **Q.** (directed to George Stephanopoulos): "How many Clinton Administration staffers does it take to change a light bulb?" **A.** "What light bulb? We'll get back to you as soon as we are given official word. We're not at liberty to say; however, no public money will be involved, and we're sure it will be an energy-saving type, packaged in recycled paper, purchased from a minority-owned store. Who leaked this to you?"

■ The Clinton Administration says $2.5 billion of its proposed economic-stimulus package will go for "community development." In disbursing these funds, HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros said in February, the Administration would work from the National Conference of Mayors' "Ready to Go" book of public-works projects. So, as reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, possible "investments" include: renovating a playground in Wheeling, W.Va., for $142,000; developing a baseball and soccer park in Jonesboro, Ark., for $5.3 million; building an ice-skating warming hut in Manchester, Conn., for $30,000. The list goes on. While rebuilding the nation's swing sets and warming huts may seem irrelevant to long-term growth, at least it's promoting employment, right? But studies show that creating a job with a public-works program costs anywhere from $136,000 to $400,000, compared to $40,000 in the private sector. This matters little, because the Clinton package is more about taking credit for a budding recovery than about economics. It admirably addresses the Administration's top infrastructure project—building a '96 re-election campaign.

■ In Minnesota, House Majority Leader Alan Welle resigned when it was revealed that his son and nephew used his state phone code to make about $25 worth of calls, and had given out the code to others who made another $85,000 worth of calls. Mr. Welle has graciously offered to refund the $25 and we can't see what the fuss is about.

■ House Education and Labor Committee chairman Bill Ford (D., Mich.) recently boasted of his success

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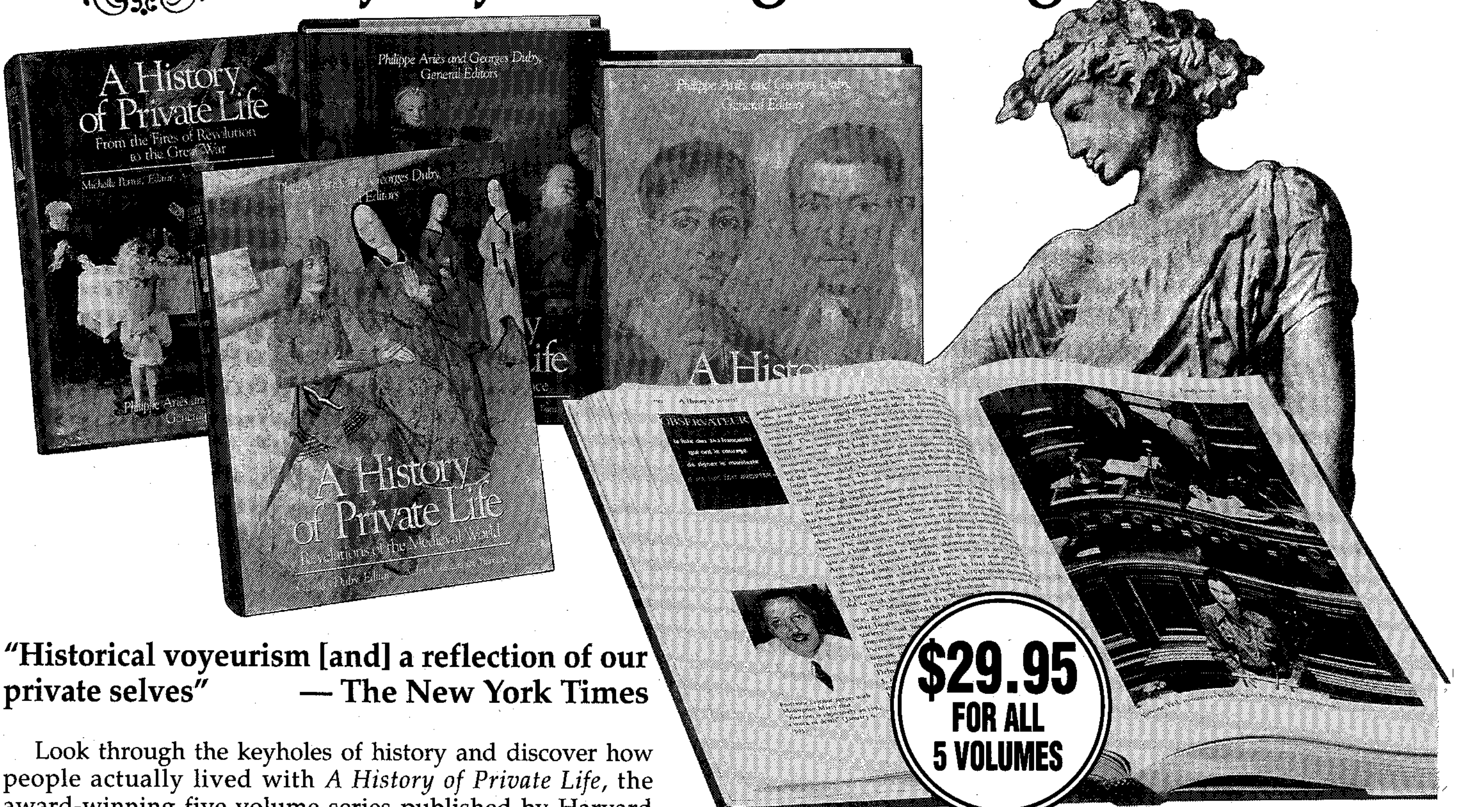
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in delaying use of the 1990 Census data to distribute funds under the largest federal school-aid program, known as "Chapter One." Accounting for some $6 billion a year and intended to pay for compensatory education for disadvantaged children, the program's funds are apportioned among states and localities according to a formula showing where poor children reside. The 1990 Census revealed sizable changes in the pattern, and the Bush Administration sought to respond. The sums were not trivial. California, for example, stood to gain upwards of $100 million. But that meant less for places like Michigan and its public-employee unions. So Chairman Ford set out to delay the change and trumpeted his prowess in these words quoted by *Department of Education Reports*: "I did the best I could to make sure that the Census study was done very carefully before it was released to the Department to use. And we got one more year of money, east of the Mississippi." To Ford's committee now falls the task of reauthorizing the Chaper One program itself—and reviewing its formula. In the ensuing tug-of-war between the interests of poor children and those of traditional Democratic constituencies, want to guess which will prevail?

■ The irrepressible Japanese have invented a firefighting robot that washes windows when it is not needed for firefighting.

■ Meet Robert Springborg, aged 48, an American with degrees from Stanford and from American University in Beirut, who emigrated to New Zealand during the Vietnam War, then moved to Sydney, Australia, where he became professor of Middle East Politics at Macquarie University. During Desert Shield/Desert Storm, Mr. Springborg was vigorously opposed to Western military intervention on behalf of Kuwait. He told a Middle East Studies Association conference on October 28, 1990, that "many Iraqi claims [against Kuwait] are perfectly legitimate" and argued that Kuwait had provoked Iraq into attacking it in order to prevent Iraq's economic recovery from the war with Iran. He was given so much prominence for his attacks on the Australian Labor Government's support of the United States that Prime Minister Robert Hawke publicly complained of this "disgraceful bias." Come the Clinton era and Mr. Springborg lands a job as "senior political analyst" in the Democratic Institutions Support Project of the U.S. Agency for International Development so that USAID can be involved in helping Palestinians toward self-government. As Mr. Springborg says astutely: "Of course it's sensitive."

■ Although Canada has long been cursed with the most feeble conservative party in the English-speaking world—which the Progressive Conservatives seem about to confirm by choosing a media-darling "moderate Republican" subfeminist called Kim Campbell to replace Brian Mulroney—its labor unions may be looking up. Local 222 of the Canadian Autoworkers in Oshawa, Ontario, the largest local in the country's most politically active union, has voted 2 to 1 to sever its ties with the socialist New Democratic Party because of the latter's support for reverse discrimination. One worker explained: "I don't want my two sons to grow up and find themselves at the back of every job queue just because they are white and male." Naturally, the NDP government in Ontario, an encampment of multi-degreed Clintonista New Class liberals, has reacted angrily, saying it won't abandon efforts to achieve "equity" for minorities. An unsuppressible conflict is brewing on the Left. Canada, probably to its own surprise, is setting the trend.

■ In Roubaix, France, authorities found a fully dressed skeleton of a man watching TV and ruled that he was dead. The fact that he had sat there for ten months with the TV set on does not seem like conclusive evidence, but we suppose we have to trust the authorities.

■ CAMPUS WATCH: In 1969 Bernardine Dohrn led the far-left Weatherman in clashes with police during the Chicago "Days of Rage." In 1971 she breathed life into the cliché "bomb-throwing radical" when, with another Weatherman, she planted a bomb in a U.S. Capitol bathroom. In 1982, after years hiding in the Weather Underground, she was arrested. Now the conservative *Northwestern Chronicle* reports Miss Dohrn is affiliated with Northwestern University's *law* school, directing its Children and Family Justice Center. The *Chronicle* story about Miss Dohrn's past caused a stir, but she's not going anywhere. On today's campus, she's right at home.

■ The gossipy new book by Randy Shilts, *Conduct Unbecoming*, asserts that a troubling legacy of gays in the military—a legacy of valiant soldiering and vile persecution—extends back to Valley Forge. There, according to Shilts, the homosexual Baron

Blue and Cranky

Consumer confidence, that jade
Who, early in the quarter, made
The Clintons sing an Elvis song,
No longer joins the sing-along
As, flouncing off, both boobies point
Toward times distinctly out of joint.

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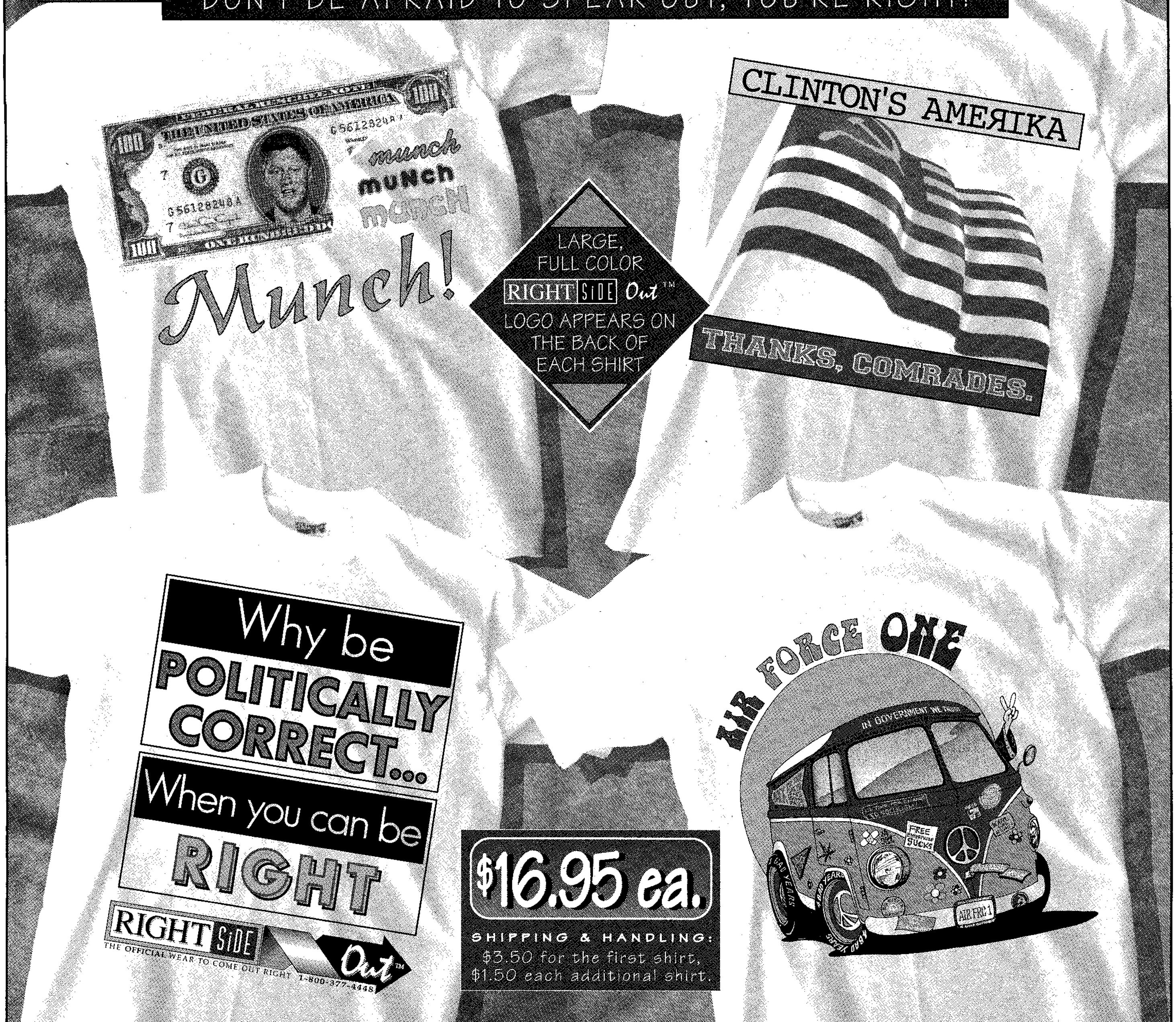
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Friederich Wilhelm von Steuben was hired by Ben Franklin to whip the ill-prepared Continental Army into fighting shape. At the same time a homosexual soldier named Gotthold Frederick Enslin, caught in the act, was dismissed in a humiliating public ceremony by General Washington. Obviously, the book's release has been timed to coincide with the Senate's present deliberations, but that needn't alarm opponents of President Clinton's sexual *perestroika*. The bedroom activities of von Steuben and Enslin, if accurately reported, demonstrate an important point. Homosexuals with a sense of discretion can serve with distinction (von Steuben). Those who abandon discretion (Enslin) may be booted out without fear that their absence will damage the national cause or the military's ability to win wars.

■ Paid circulation of U.S. magazines, after growing from 280.7 million in 1980 to 366.1 in 1989, has been slumping ever since. Adjusted for inflation, ad revenues reported by magazine publishers were lower in 1992 than they were in 1989. In recent years *Psychology Today*, *Manhattan Inc.*, and Condé Nast's *Woman* have closed for lack of advertising. Media directories show that the number of weekly and fortnightly periodicals plummeted from a peak of 2,258 in 1987 to 837 in 1992. NATIONAL REVIEW's performance stands out against this bleakness. From 1989 to the first quarter of this year, *NR*'s circulation grew by 67,000, a rise of exactly 50 per cent. By comparison, real GDP grew by a paltry 3.1 per cent over the same period, and the number of U.S. households was up only 3.7 per cent. At present 209 of every 100,000 households get *NR*. We asked "Right Data" writer Ed Rubenstein to project *NR*'s future. He estimates that if circulation continues growing at its first-quarter rate, within 30 years half of all households will be *NR* subscribers. And within 620 years, the entire world will be subscribers.

■ The first annual William A. Rusher '44 Prize Debate was held at Princeton, his alma mater, on March 28. The debates program, endowed by the Neal and Jane Freeman Foundation to commemorate the rhetorical feats of *NR*'s former publisher, provides for a $1,500 prize to the winning team, which must consist of one junior and one sophomore. This year's debate—on the topic "Should America be the world's policeman?"—was won by the negative (which will please Mr. Rusher).

■ Vanderbilt professor Donald Evans teaches fine arts, by which he means Robert Mapplethorpe photos, nude photos of himself, material illustrating his personal fetish, women's breasts, and a "Home Porn Sequence." This is cutting-edge art and all was fine until a co-ed complained that the professor's choice of material created "a sexually hostile academic environment." Now the thought police are out and a chill descends on free expression at Vanderbilt.

In God We Trust?

IN PUBLIC estimation, churchgoers are no longer the backbone of American society, but the heel. Forget Norman Rockwell; try the *Washington Post*'s "largely poor, uneducated, easy to command." This attitude has seeped even into the GOP, where, in the minds of moderates, churchgoers are less a political base than an electoral albatross. Appealing to them with family values supposedly cost George Bush the election.

But various polling data, including a new survey by the Marketing Research Institute (MRI) for the Christian Coalition, confirm what should be common sense: churchgoers represent not a fringe, but the mainstream of American society. If the GOP abandons them, it throws away its political keystone. The MRI poll gives the lie to the common wisdom about churchgoers, reflected in the *Post*'s characterization of the Religious Right. "Largely poor"—the median household income of regular churchgoers is about $40,000, and 59 per cent of them have white-collar jobs. "Uneducated"—36 per cent graduated from college, another 30 per cent have some college education, and only 7 per cent did not complete high school. "Easy to command"—52 per cent of churchgoers disapprove of our culture's most influential institution, the media.

If you want a generalization for churchgoers, however, what about "honest"? A recent survey directed by Princeton sociologist Robert P. Wuthnow showed that weekly worshippers are less likely to cheat on the job than those who seldom or never go to church.

Wanting the allegiance of these voters should be a matter of course for any political party, but it is especially important for the GOP. For the first time in American history, churchgoing as such is closely connected with a partisan preference—for the Republicans. According to data from the Roper Center at the University of Connecticut, Clinton edged Bush 39 to 37 per cent among white Protestants who do not attend church every week. Among white Protestants who do worship every week, Bush walloped Clinton 59 to 27 per cent. That pattern holds for white Catholics. Clinton beat Bush handily among white Catholics who don't attend church every week, 44 to 33. But Bush outpolled Clinton among those Catholics who do worship weekly, 41 to 39.

There's a reason for this level of support, and it is exactly the "family values" message Republicans are being told to abandon. In response to an MRI question, 58 per cent of churchgoing Republicans say they wouldn't want to be Republicans if the party removed "most pro-family issues from its platform." So Republicans can't back off the family theme—and they shouldn't have to. After all, churchgoers aren't a special-interest group, like trial lawyers. There is no incompatibility between their concerns—safe streets, strong families, a decent public culture—and those of society at large.

Yes, the *presentation* of the pro-family theme could be improved from last year. (What part of the Bush campaign couldn't?) But the GOP cannot succumb to a media-driven perception of churchgoers as cranks and bigots. If it does, the party could become as baseless as all those press stereotypes.

Captain Clinton at the Tiller

"I LOOOOOVE the stock market falling. In the 1980s the stock market rose 300 per cent and real income fell. Maybe now the stock market will fall and real income will rise." James Carville must be positively ecstatic now that the bond market, which was still strong when he said these words, has started to falter too. On April 2 interest rates on thirty-year Treasury bonds rose above 7 per cent, wiping out the bond-market rally that followed President Clinton's State of the Union address.

After the praise for Mr. Clinton's skill in getting his "deficit reduction package" passed as written, this upset must have astonished official Washington as well as unofficial Mr. Carville. But a certain insight is essential to understanding economic debate, particularly when conducted by politicians: The U.S. economy is like a ship in the sea. It is subject to contradictory forces, moves in unexpected ways, and above all else takes time to turn around. But it also has a systematic rhythm which can be understood and even anticipated.

For some months, the economy's bows have been rising up out of the trough into which the ship plunged after the Bush tax-and-regulate betrayal. There is considerable momentum behind this movement. Since November personal income has been rising at an annualized rate of 7 per cent and industrial production at an annualized rate of some 5 per cent. Since capacity utilization is still fairly low—about 80 per cent—the trend will probably continue, perhaps for as much as two years.

The Clinton Administration will certainly claim credit. Indeed, the *New York Times* on the Administration's behalf attempted to do so even before Inauguration Day, arguing that the recovery was due to a revival of confidence caused by Mr. Clinton's election. Although this is irritating, every expansion involves misallocation that must eventually be corrected, and the likelihood is that the economy's momentum will be downward by Election Day 1996.

But the Administration is also shifting the cargo and jiggling the tiller in a manner that will cause the economy to lose way more quickly. The absence of any controls on Social Security, Medicare, or Medicaid—entitlements that account for more than half of federal outlays—means that every $1.00 of additional tax revenues will spawn $1.60 in higher spending, as it has for the past thirty years. Even the much-vaunted investment-tax-credit proposals, as Steven Entin pointed out in a recent newsletter of the Institute for Research on the Economics of Taxation, are too minor and restricted to offset the increase in the cost of capital caused by Mr. Clinton's proposed energy- and income-tax increases. All of these factors threaten to capsize the Administration's deficit projections. And after Mr. Clinton gets his $250-billion tax hike, the only politically viable tax left will be the one that doesn't require congressional approval: inflation.

The faintest whiff of inflation is always poison for bond prices. But thirty-year rates don't turn on short-term prospects. Wall Street sees the Clinton plan as portending greater government intervention and slower economic growth. Indeed, the gold market has suddenly started its most vigorous twitching in several years, breaking out of its recent remarkably narrow $320–$333 trading range. There has been a protracted dispute among monetary economists as to whether the Federal Reserve has been too loose or too tight. But any gold rally will certainly look like confirmation that Clintonomics, like Carternomics, will end in stagflationary crisis.

Indeed, as we go to press, there is a flurry of concern on Wall Street that several just-released and unexpectedly weak statistics—new housing starts, employment, car sales—mean that this loss of way is already occurring. Most ominously, consumer confidence surveys are down suddenly and sharply. This is exactly what happened after the 1990 budget "compromise." The Bushies tried to blame the Gulf War, but in fact the deterioration had set in earlier. And it meant recession.

We tend to think that some of this is just spray and spume, and that the economy's bows will continue to rise—for a year or two. But the real issue is where the ship is being steered. And that is going to become unpleasantly clear much sooner.

The Odd Couple

THE Clinton–Yeltsin Summit in Vancouver was, as the pundits remarked, the first superpower summit at which economic relations dominated and military issues took a back seat. That is one benefit from the collapse of Soviet Communism. On the other hand, it's wise to keep an eye on a liberal Democratic President when he starts proposing social "investment" programs for the Russians. *NR* is friendly enough to the new Russia to hope that we're not inflicting on them the kind of statist nonsense they've just risked their lives to get away from.

With some reservations which we discuss below, we believe the Administration's aid program deserves cautious support. The $1.6 billion in short-term U.S. aid is in the main earmarked for specific purposes and projects that relate to goals we have a stake in—dismantling nuclear weapons, promoting foreign and local private investment, lifting trade barriers, restoring Russia's collapsing oil and gas industry, teaching business management and entrepreneurship, building housing for military families withdrawn from Eastern Europe and the Baltic nations, and extending humanitarian assistance (such as food and medicines).

But some things seem to be boondoggles, such as subsidized grain sales. We wonder whether sending Russians to Harvard Business School will help them or set them back. And in general we doubt the ability of the U.S. to ensure that the money will be spent as arranged—for instance, the funds going to help the oil industry, which is inconveniently situated in areas controlled by local authorities hostile to radical reform. We need to know what is going on in the Russian provinces. This is no time to save a small sum by getting rid of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, when they might provide us with the information to save much more.

But we must also consider the costs of not giving aid to President Yeltsin. Pay no heed to the journalistic cliché that to support Boris Yeltsin is to repeat George Bush's mistake of clinging too long to a doomed Russian leader. The simple difference is that Yeltsin deserves support, whereas Mikhail Gorbachev, toward the end of his rule, did not. Gorbachev's opponents were democrats; Yeltsin's opponents represent the forces of retrenchment if not reaction—foreign and military policies much more troublesome for us, and economic policies that would perpetuate stagnation and crisis. So long as President Yeltsin is there pursuing conciliatory policies, it would be absurd not to back his efforts. Our conclusion is that the package is on balance worthwhile precisely because it is modest and sensibly targeted.

The Vancouver Summit was also preceded by a decision by Western creditor governments to reschedule Russia's debts (most of which were incurred by Gorbachev's Communist regime). It is to be followed in mid April by a Tokyo meeting of the G-7 industrial democracies to coordinate a larger Western aid package. We welcome the principle that our allies should share this burden—as presumably will the Germans, who pay the lion's share. Again, however, we are skeptical of the proposed "stabilization" fund—if only because Mr. Clinton's assurance that it will be available only under stringent conditions is considerably weakened by his attack on the International Monetary Fund for withholding earlier funds when the Russians failed to meet those very conditions. No general financial assistance should be given to the central government until *after* reforms have been put into effect.

Mr. Clinton should not oversell the aid package by claiming that it's all that stands between us and World War III. There are issues, however, on which the United States must engage in the world in its own interest, to try to prevent new disasters that could cost us much more down the road. The proposed $1.6-billion package is a modest effort for our $6-trillion economy. Conservatives should not squander the Cold War victory that they contributed so much to winning.

Just Call Them Sensitive

THE Clinton Administration has decided to "depersonalize" the quarrel with Iraq by no longer insisting on the ouster of Saddam Hussein as a precondition for lifting the UN economic embargo. The UN's conditions that remain are fairly stiff: Iraq must still permit full inspection of its arms facilities, cease oppressing the Kurds and Shiites, take part in the boundary commission demarcating the border with Kuwait, and so forth. Removal of Saddam had, in fact, never been called for by the UN, but the U.S. and British governments had signaled their own determination to block the lifting of sanctions so long as he was in power. On March 29 they dropped the extra condition.

The reasoning behind the change is incoherent. The Administration claims to be sensitive to feelings in Europe and the Arab world that the additional condition went too far; it also asserts that it will be hard for Saddam to comply with the remaining conditions without putting his rule at risk.

Whatever the Administration's intentions, the change is being read throughout the Middle East as a big step toward American acquiescence in the status quo. Iraq's nuclear and chemical-weapons-building infrastructure is still a threat. While some physical assets have been destroyed, Iraq's scientific and engineering talent is intact and its clandestine supplier network has not yet been uprooted. The erosion of economic sanctions is just what Saddam needs to obtain the wherewithal to step up his secret programs.

Accordingly, our Mideast friends are nervous. Even Iran, Iraq's ancient foe, is quietly buying Iraqi oil and developing economic relations (in violation of UN sanctions) on the premise that Saddam is here to stay. Others will follow. And Saddam is trumpeting a victory. So the Clinton move magnifies insecurity throughout the Middle East and contributes to a climate that will erode compliance with the sanctions. We assume that was not the Administration's intention.

Greenbacks for Owls

HERE'S A NOVEL idea for the Greens who temporarily uprooted themselves from Washington, D.C., to attend President Clinton's forestry conference in Washington state last week: "Put your money where your mouth is." That was suggested by Montana's Political Economy Research Center, which thinks the timberlands that the Greens want reserved for the spotted owl should be opened to competitive bids by loggers and environmental groups alike.

"Let environmentalists preserve timber by buying it and not cutting it," PERC said. PERC notes that environmental groups should be well able to bid against logging companies. The ten top Green groups in Washington, D.C., have annual budgets totaling $522 million. Moreover, if they were putting their money into conservation rather than into fancy offices, lobbying, and scare campaigns, they might be able to raise a lot more money from the public. (We might even give them a plug.)

To be sure, the feds would need to alter their timber contracts, which currently specify that the trees must be cut down within a certain time. Stephen Gordon, a conservation-minded rancher with land in the Shoshone mountains of Nevada, recently sent a check for $100,000 (and promised another $300,000 later) for the timber rights to land adjacent to his in order to preserve it from logging. But the government returned his check. You see, Washington knows best which trees should be felled, and those Shoshone trees just had to go.

Where environmentalist groups actually own land they sometimes become less dogmatic about preserving the place in pristine fashion and quietly allow some accompanying resource development. For example, the National Audubon Society allows nothing less than oil and gas production at its bird preserve at Rainey, Louisiana. Green groups in the West might find ways of mixing some judicious logging with wildlife preservation.

But the Green groups are very quiet about all this. And why not? Under the existing law, if they can find endangered species on private property, they can effectively confiscate the land for their all-wilderness cause. They get it all without having to bid a penny, and without having to take responsibility for management.

It's like Old Times

With Laura Tyson cheering
  As Mickey Kantor stiffs
The Europeans silly,
  The Clintons savor whiffs
Of trade restrictions Hawley
  Would have declared a hoot,
Along with Herbert Hoover,
  A-twanging harps with Smoot.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ordeal by Trial

KELLY MICHAELS is out of jail, after serving 5 years of a 47-year sentence for supposed acts of child molestation. Her original trial was a transparent travesty, and a retrial would be piling scandal on injustice.

Miss Michaels, who worked in a day-care center in a New Jersey church basement in the mid Eighties, was accused by the state of an array of acts which read like warm-ups for Sade: smearing her charges with excrement, and making them eat it; raping them with light bulbs and Lego blocks. (Several children also asserted that she had turned them into mice and laid them under automobiles, though the state declined to press these charges.) These monstrous deeds were all supposed to have occurred during nap time at the school, under the noses of fellow teachers and the church's minister. The evidence for these implausible horrors was elicted from four- and five-year-olds, under relentless interrogation from child-abuse "experts." During the nine-month trial, Miss Michaels was not allowed to call any expert witnesses of her own. The jury, given the evidence laid before it, found her guilty, but a panel of three state appellate judges unanimously ruled that she had been denied a fair trial.

Some of the children, now 12 and 13 years old, still have traumatic symptoms, and no wonder: they were bullied and harassed by investigators armed with grotesque "anatomically correct" dolls, and lists of leading questions. ("Stop teaching me this stuff," one child begged while being grilled. "You got to learn somehow," the inquisitor responded.) If any child abuse occurred in New Jersey, it was the responsibility of the prosecution.

Some disdain should also be reserved for the local press, particularly the columnists of the New York daily newspapers, who took a Pilate-like "What is truth?" attitude to the verdict. Anna Quindlen of the

New York Times, who had previously cited Miss Michael's ordeal as evidence of widespread child sex abuse, was egregious, noting that "the supporters of Kelly Michaels have invoked the Salem witch trials. That is a cheap and easy metaphor . . ." If cheap and easy metaphors were prohibited, Miss Quindlen would go out of business. By contrast, Dorothy Rabinowitz's scrupulous but indignant account in *Harper's* did much to arouse the public's conscience over this legal scandal.

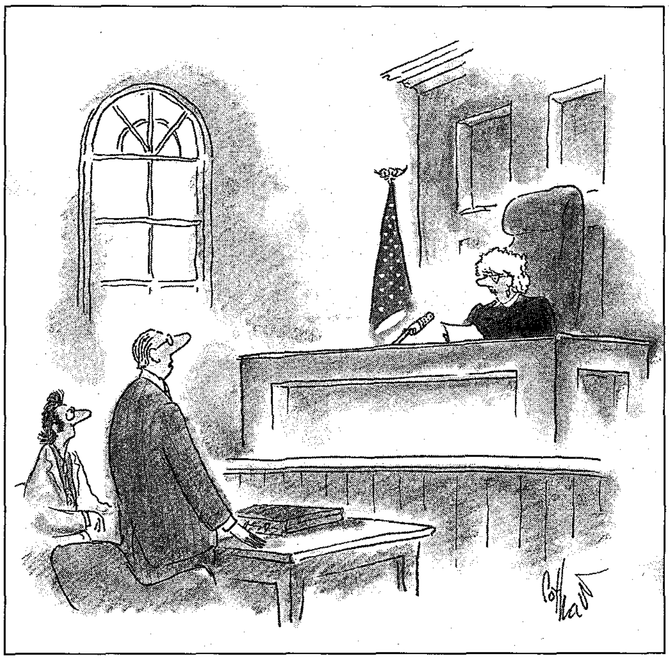
What made all this possible was the culture of victimhood, which assumes a world of secret (often unwitting) sufferers, who can be awakened to their misery only with the help of enlightened experts and advocates, and also of secret perpetrators who deserve no rights in law. The victim mindset sends tens of thousands of people into crackpot therapies, binds militant political grouplets, and pays many a bureaucrat's salary. It also made an innocent woman spend five years in jail.

Leo Labedz, R I P

LEO LABEDZ, who died recently in London, was a Polish Jew born in the Russian city of Simbirsk, exactly half a century after V. I. Lenin, Simbirsk's most famous native. Communism was the life concern of both men, but, unlike Lenin, Leo opposed it.

Leo had a unique opportunity to learn about the Soviet Union when, after the Soviet seizure of Eastern Poland, his father was drafted to work at an NKVD clinic in Morszyn near Lvov. Soviet party dignitaries came there for treatment. It was just after the Great Purge, when many of them were afraid to confide even in their own wives—but they felt comfortable talking to the teenaged son of their doctor. Young Leo struck up a particular friendship with Aleksei Kapler, a cynical screenwriter who falsified history according to Stalin's wishes.

This personal experience of Soviet mendacity was echoed in Leo's criticism of E. H. Carr's inadequate history of the Soviet Union: "The greatest difficulty is not getting hold of reliable material about what is going on in the Soviet Union, but the ability to distinguish between the reality of the official façade and the 'real reality.'" Leo, who found his way to London after the war, was a lifelong reader of *Pravda*. This made him particularly apt at exploring and exposing the Byzantine falsifications of Communist historiography, the Eighth Wonder of the World, as he named it. After years of rummaging through accumulated strata of Soviet lies, he concluded: "Soviet ideologists can always predict 'the future' with ease; but they find it ever more difficult to predict their ever-changing past."



"Pre-trial publicity has made it impossible, your honor, for the 'notorious scam-meister of the Midwest' to get a fair trial in this town."

He is best remembered for his criticisms of Westerners who made apologies for dictatorships. When whatever "Revolution" they supported—be it the Russian, the Chinese, the Vietnamese, or the Cambodian—turned into an orgy of blood and suffering, and they moved on to another promised land, Leo was there to remind them of their misplaced infatuations. He argued that the Soviet Union, as it evolved under Lenin and Stalin, was not just a betrayal of revolutionary ideals. Instead, the ideals themselves—Utopianism, the myth of the Immaculate Conception of the Revolution, and Marxism itself, the "opiate of the intellectuals"—were to blame. Yet he was not only a critic. Ever since his youthful experience, all of Leo's energies were devoted to defending the values of a pluralist society; he was a living refutation of the notion that idealism is the sole preserve of the Left.

Leo wielded considerable intellectual weight through his friendships and correspondence, as the editor of the influential scholarly journal *Survey*. It took him to strange places. On one memorable occasion in Peking, where he was invited to give advice about the Soviet Union to the now anti-Soviet Chinese Politburo, this vocal adversary of totalitarian lawlessness enjoyed a red-carpet treatment which involved an artillery salute and a whole Chinese division goose-stepping past him.

Leo Labedz could easily have set himself up with a chair at an impressive university. Instead, unwilling or unable to make compromises, he pursued his private crusades against humbug and doublethink. He was never crushed by his experience but rose above it with wit. He loved inventing puns, and some, like "socialist surrealism," which is now a standard expression in Polish, outlive him.

—R. SIKORSKI

Mitchell Parish, R I P

MITCHELL PARISH is dead at 92, and with his passing we lose one of the last representatives of an era in American popular culture—the era of Irving Berlin, George M. Cohan, Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Oscar Hammerstein. These and other Broadway composers and lyricists—many of them Jewish, and many of them, like Parish himself, immigrants—wrote songs that caught the mood of an increasingly self-confident American middle class.

Parish wrote the lyrics to Hoagy Carmichael's "Star Dust," and also to "Sweet Lorraine," "Sophisticated Lady," "Stairway to the Stars," "Deep Purple," "Moonlight Serenade," and many other popular classics. The American middle class heard its ideal emotions in these lyrics. Europe was liberated by GIs singing them. They catch at the heart still.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I was in a bookstore yesterday and stumbled upon *The Price Guide to Autographs*. The book lists the value of virtually every famous person's signature from Captain Cook to Marilyn Monroe. I tried in vain to decipher the market forces at work in these prices. Nevertheless, I thought you might be interested in the author's assessment of the value of your autograph as follows:

Person: William F. Buckley Jr.
Signature Value: $7
Signed Letter: $15
Letter Signed & Written: $45
Signed Photograph: $13

I was especially perplexed by the above prices when I compared them to John Kenneth Galbraith's:

Person: John Kenneth Galbraith
Signature Value: $10
Signed Letter: $30
Letter Signed & Written: $0
Signed Photograph: $20

Before you are tempted to become upset over the apparent greater worth of his signature please note that the third category, "Letter Signed & Written," refers to documents containing the thoughts and ideas of the individual (handwritten, of course). Now since price is the equilibrium point between supply and demand, is that not a stunning indictment of Professor Galbraith's thoughts given his prodigious output? Maybe this is why he is so hostile to the free market? If you have time to answer please sign your lengthy handwritten response over a photograph. Thanks.

Sincerely yours,
Dave Lancaster
Riverside, Conn.

Dear Dave: You are clearly onto something. I shall share your intelligence with JKG. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Bill:

The article about Richard Darman in NATIONAL REVIEW a few weeks ago reminds me of a mildly amusing incident. On the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights a celebration was held in Madison's home with President Bush being present to give a speech. A small (70) group of people were permitted to actually come and shake his hand and be photographed. I was in this privileged group.

When I came up to him, I simply said: "Fire Darman."

He began, "It's nice to meet you, also," paused and then said, "What?"

I repeated: "Fire Darman."

By then he had recovered and said: "I will think about it." I can now claim that I was one of Bush's advisors, and if he had listened to me he would still be President.

Cordially yours,
Gordon Tullock
Karl Eller Professor of
Economics and Political Science
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Gordon: What you did is what the French call "*prendre l'occasion*"! Better luck next time. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I believe you are in charge of the conservative syllabus, and so I strongly urge an update of the section on "The Law of Unintended Consequences," which I've always understood as shorthand for the principle that dire events and circumstances result from liberal fits of goodwill. Surely the news that the Kennedys and other celebrities refuse to vacation in Colorado (due to the refusal of voters there to grant special status to homosexuals) is evidence that the Law has a plus side as well.

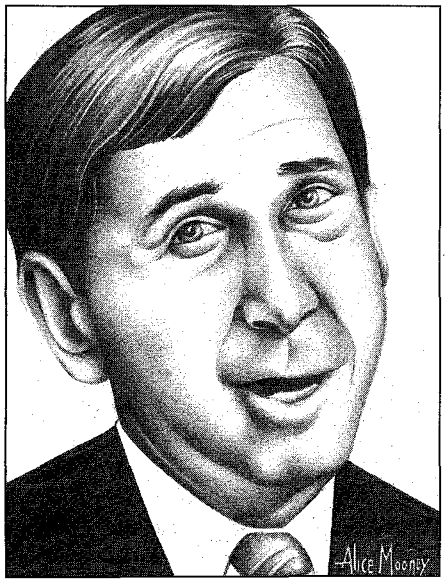
Sincerely,
J. Michael Bolinski
Devon, Pa.

Dear Mr. Bolinski: Well now, there goes *that* law! Cordially, **—WFB**

ON THE SCENE

Trading Policies

BRIT HUME



Alice Mooney

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON MARCH 3, President Clinton walked into the Indian Treaty Room in the Old Executive Office Building. A presidential advisory commission on trade policy, which had earlier submitted a seventy-page report, was meeting with Mr. Clinton's special trade representative, Mickey Kantor. The business and labor leaders who make up the commission thought the President would just shake hands, say a few words, and leave. Instead, Mr. Clinton stayed for 45 minutes. He solicited the views of everyone present and spoke forcefully of his commitment to expanded trade and of its importance to domestic economic growth and jobs. He said he wanted fair access to foreign markets but, as commission chairman James Robinson recalled, "he said he was not interested in supporting protectionist measures." Had he read the commission's report? "Either he had read it or he was briefed damned well," said Robinson, who thought Clinton handled the meeting and the issues "extremely well, and in detail." Robinson left the meeting "convinced that his fundamental beliefs, his intellect, and his instincts are for free trade."

A week earlier, Clinton had provided strong evidence for that view in a speech at American University, which contained this passage:

> The truth of our age is this—and must be this: Open and competitive commerce will enrich us as a nation. It spurs us to innovate. It forces us to compete. It connects us with new customers. It promotes global growth, without which no rich country can hope to grow wealthier. It enables our producers, who are themselves consumers of services and raw materials, to prosper. And so, I say to you in the face of all the pressures to do the reverse, we must compete, not retreat.

A more ringing affirmation of the case for free trade, complete with the almost fist-in-the-air final flourish, could hardly be imagined. George Bush, who fancied himself a committed free-trader, could not have said it better (and never said it as well). Carla Hills, Mr. Bush's trade negotiator, watched the speech in CNN's Washington studios and, on the air afterward, praised it enthusiastically. In the weeks since, however, Mr. Clinton's trade policy has become an almost complete puzzle.

The reason is that the rhetorical clarity from the top has not been the only message the Clinton Administration has sent. Mr. Kantor, who made representations to the President's trade commission similar to Mr. Clinton's own, has talked quite a different game elsewhere. He has threatened to slap sanctions on the European Community if it doesn't lift government procurement rules that effectively freeze out American bidders. In Brussels to discuss the matter with EC trade officials, Mr. Kantor took an unexpected swipe at the Japanese, saying a new GATT agreement would be impossible "if Japan continues to behave as if it had little stake in the outcome." It was not clear precisely what Mr. Kantor was talking about, but the President has complained that Japan seems to be the one country which invariably runs a trade surplus with the United States. Japan's Ambassador to the EC, Kobayashi Tomohiko, replied drily, "Mr. Kantor is very new to international trade matters."

He certainly is. Mr. Kantor is a streetwise lawyer-lobbyist with extensive experience as a political operative and fund raiser. He has no experience on trade issues. He had been Mr. Clinton's campaign chairman and had been expected to get a top White House staff job. He seems to have gotten the trade job because it was all that was left when the jobs he was interested in—and perhaps better suited for—were gone. His trade comments have often sounded like the bluster of a lawyer who is new to a case and is trying to buy some time to learn his brief. On Evans & Novak's television interview program March 20, he made no pretense of having any particular trade philosophy. "I don't claim to be anything," he said. "I claim to be a good lawyer representing a terrific President . . . Free-traders, protectionists, managed-traders, all those labels don't apply."

Mr. Kantor aides insist there's a method to his seemingly haphazard statements, that he's keeping negotiating partners off balance. A sort of Bret Maverick of the trade world, they would have you believe, although others might consider Inspector Clouseau a better Hollywood analogy. Kantor, though, has hardly been the only—or even the largest—source of uncertainty about Clinton policy.

In a speech at the Boeing Company's gigantic manufacturing hangar outside Seattle on February 22, Mr. Clinton himself made what sounded like an outright protectionist declaration. With Boeing having just cut 26,000 jobs the President told cheering workers, "A lot of these layoffs would not have been announced had it not been for the $26 billion that the United States sat by and let Europe plow into Airbus over the last several

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Mr. Hume is chief White House correspondent for ABC News.

years. So we're going to try to change the rules of the game."

The European aerospace consortium Airbus had indeed cut into Boeing's market share, helped by heavy government subsidies. But the Bush Administration had negotiated a deal to drastically reduce such subsidies last year. (Europeans argue, by the way, that defense contracts amount to a similar subsidy for U.S. aerospace companies.) The question was: What did the President mean by "changing the rules of the game"? Confronted by reporters later, he said only that he would review the anti-subsidy agreement to make sure it was adequate and properly enforced. Two days later, during a meeting in Washington with British Prime Minister Major, the subject came up during a White House news conference. Major politely but stiffly reminded Mr. Clinton of the agreement and said pointedly that he knew of no intention on Mr. Clinton's part to change it. The President, his bluff called, said nothing. It was not his finest moment.

The President insisted that day, and numerous other times as well, that he wants an early GATT agreement, although after nine years of negotiation that may seem an oxymoron. He has also endorsed the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), while demanding side agreements to protect U.S. workers and the environment. Senior aides who recall the night during the heat of the campaign when he decided to back NAFTA don't doubt his commitment to both agreements. They describe a September 29 hotel conference-room meeting outside Washington where he resolved the issue by saying, "The politics of this are impossible to figure out, so let's do the right thing. We have to make a choice as whether we want to go forward. We can't go backward." A week later, he came out for NAFTA, but with the aforementioned insistence on the side deals. It was a policy, explained a top advisor, of "free trade that puts people first."

The President seems to have almost unlimited faith in his ability to devise a government policy to meet any problem, and faith as well that government under his leadership can make it work. When he told the Boeing workers he wanted to change the rules of the game, he might not have had anything in mind, but don't rule out the possibility that he'll come up with something. His so-called "technology policy," for example, is a bundle of spending schemes to help selected American high-tech companies. He won't call them subsidies, but they're intended to help those companies compete. Despite his occasional saber-rattling on trade, the President does not seem, at bottom, a protectionist. What he plainly is, though, is an interventionist, and judging by the public record to date on trade, it may be hard to tell the difference. ☐

Springtime in Moscow

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

Moscow

SHE COULD not have been more explicit. The twentysomething celebrity's "favorite politician" was Ronald Reagan, and she was pleased to see that fact published in a local magazine. Clearly I was in Moscow, not New York. It was the second week of March, Ruslan Khasbulatov was in full cry, and Boris Yeltsin seemed to have gone to earth. The former Soviet capital has more to offer, however, than fractious parliamentarians and politically incorrect reading material.

For example, Moscow now has shopping. As recently as in the Gorbachev era, shopping was a matter of endless lines in run-down state stores. Higher prices have, in their brutal fashion, greatly reduced the lines. In addition, the ranks of the retailers have greatly expanded. There are private shops and food markets. Hard-currency Finnish and Irish supermarkets flourish. Impromptu flea markets are everywhere as Muscovites line streets trying to sell a single pair of shoes, a bottle of vodka, or, as poverty bites deeper, an heirloom.

Above all, there are the kiosks that have sprung up all over the city selling an astonishing range of goods. If you want to buy banana liqueur or Pierre Cardin cigarettes try the kiosks. Products that could find no buyer anywhere else in the world end up here. More importantly, the kiosks offer Muscovites a first opportunity to make those small everyday purchases we take for granted in the West. The prices may be higher and the ambience often criminal, but at least there is something to buy.

The kiosks are also interesting in that, to the tourist at least, they represent rare, visible evidence of Russia's move to capitalism. In many respects Moscow remains Stalin's city. Heroic, if crumbling, workers continue to adorn the buildings. Some streets have lost their Bolshevik names, but the mummified Lenin sleeps on in his mausoleum. Statues of Marx and Lenin still stand, although those of Dzerzhinsky, Kalinin, and Sverdlov have been moved to a lonely *salon des refusés* near Gorky Park.

These visible remnants of the Ancien Régime add to the confusion today. Berliners in 1945 could be under no illusion that the old order had passed. The city was in ruins, every swastika had been removed, and the possibility of a Hitler Mausoleum was, to put it mildly, remote. In Moscow, it is still possible to cling to the illusion of a glorious Soviet past.

In the new pluralist Russia, however, the past is no longer the monopoly of a totalitarian state. Alternative and at times very strange versions of history abound. This can lead to some odd juxtapositions. At the annex to the Museum of the Revolution, the curators upstairs proudly display pictures of revolutionary heroes. Downstairs, however, can be found an extensive exhibit sympathetically portraying the resistance to the 1991 coup and the USSR's subsequent collapse.

The most entertaining historical exhibit, however, is a wax museum that has just opened on Tverskaya, almost next door to Pizza Hut. Its presence is advertised by a poster showing some of Russia's leaders. Someone has thrown black paint over Yeltsin's picture. To reach the exhibit, climb the inevitably depressing stairs and walk into a history lesson that owes more to Stephen King than to Karl Marx.

In the darkened room, clocks run backward and giant hourglasses empty. For musical backing, there are

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Mr. Stuttaford is a New York-based investment banker.

snatches of Shostakovich and Lara's Theme, punctuated by waves of electronic sound and disjointed voices. The tableaux themselves do not portray a happy story. Stalin is to be found next to a skeleton in a man-trap, while Brezhnev slumps in a wheelchair. In another corner Nicholas II, bullet hole in head, stares glumly out, while the surgeon Yeltsin emerges from the bleeding body of his patient, Russia.

Lurid perhaps, but Russia's past does not naturally lend itself to gentle academic discussions. History is a principal battlefield of today's politics. The fall of the Communist Party discredited the notion of a single "authorized" version, while years of distortion and secrecy have made even the simplest fact difficult to establish. As a result, the past is up for grabs. It is perhaps significant that one proto-fascist group goes under the name of Pamyat ("Memory"), while some of the first democrats gathered together as "Memorial"—a grouping determined to keep alive the memory of Stalin's crimes.

The consequences of successful manipulation of the past are visible at any anti-Yeltsin rally. Pensioners with Stalin badges and Communist banners find no contradiction in standing side by side with those carrying the flags of the Russian empire (the "Brown" part of the Red/Brown coalition). Indeed the two can be combined—one demonstrator waved a red flag on which he had sewn an icon-like portrait of Jesus. Alienated and disappointed, these demonstrators were a natural audience for a chauvinist view of Russia's history and destiny, particularly if current problems could be blamed on the usual suspects—the Jews, the Masons, the West.

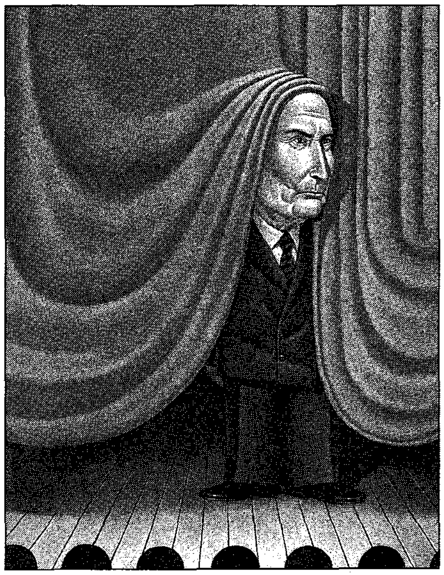
Such demonstrations may be depressing but they should be seen in perspective. The turnout was small and largely elderly. Keener on shopping than on Stalin, the majority of passers-by carried on with their business, giving the would-be revolutionaries barely a glance. Russians have had enough of politics. The three young men tragically killed defending the Russian Parliament during the 1991 coup lie buried in the Vagankovskoye Cemetery. A few handsful of flowers were scattered over their memorials. The next grave was that of a rock star. There were elaborate bouquets, flickering candles, and a number of mourning fans. Some Russians clearly want a life where music is more of a focus than politics. Many others want a life that is simply "normal" and in Russia, normality is defined as the Western way. Such people may be "apolitical" but they know who is most likely to offer them the normal life they crave.

The visitor can, of course, insulate himself from much of this. Crime may have risen sharply, but for the tourist Moscow has never been easier. There is now a network of modern hotels, so it is no longer necessary to stay in one of Intourist's forbidding bunkers. Equally, for those with dollars it is easy to find a reasonable meal. The Kremlin remains one of the world's great sights, and the city abounds with magnificent monasteries and churches. Politics can be confined to a quick trip down the Arbat to buy a Yeltsin doll.

This approach would be a mistake. It is worth trying to understand what is going on, even if there is a limit to what the West can do to help. My last night in Moscow I went for a walk. At the approach to Red Square an old woman sat playing the accordion. I reached into my pocket, pulled out the first banknote—a 25-ruble bill—I could find and gave it to her. She was embarrassingly grateful. I left the scene, proud of my generosity until I did a quick calculation. This Westerner had given a citizen of the new Russia the equivalent of four cents. ☐

France after la Gloire

DAVID BROOKS



Roberto Parada

PARIS

FRANCE is sliding into its new role as just another comfortably bourgeois European nation, a bigger Belgium or a flatter Switzerland. But you have to admire the way the French do not go gently into that good night. They rage and rage, or more precisely they act as if, by sheer insufferability, they can restore their homeland to grandeur.

Their struggle to preserve the primacy of the French language is their bravest and most hopeless cause. They scramble around summits insisting everyone use the language of diplomacy. But even in the European Community, an organization they sort of run, French is often spoken only for the first 15 minutes of meetings before conversation slips into English.

In foreign affairs they preserve the illusion of power by mistaking independence for importance. But sensible French leaders recognize the pointlessness of this approach. Within two years France will again be a full-fledged member of NATO.

During the Socialist era, which came to a close with the party's virtual destruction in last month's elections, François Mitterrand offered his own way to preserve French *gloire.* He tried it first of all by erecting massive monuments at taxpayer expense. Mitterrand built the wonderful Arab cultural center, the Bastille opera house, and the pyramid at the Louvre, which is already looking tacky with age.

But most importantly, Mitterrand offered a new aristocracy. In the early 1980s he gave up socialism—it turns out it doesn't work—and brought the country's mediagenic elite into his cabinet. They created a sybaritic personal style that became known as *gauche caviar* (the caviar Left).

There was suddenly a phalanx of female ministers in mini-skirted suits, Hermes scarves, and Michel Perry pumps. During the Maastricht campaign last summer the glamorous Eli-

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Mr. Brooks is deputy editorial page editor of The Wall Street Journal Europe.

sabeth Guigou, the European Affairs minister, could be seen pacing briskly across the beaches in her Saint-Laurent suits trying to introduce the sunbathers to the virtues of the Maastricht Treaty. Male ministers such as Foreign Minister Roland Dumas, Health globetrotter Bernard Kouchner, and Culture maestro Jack Lang had wonderful haircuts, rakishly long but well kept. Under Mitterrand, France led the world in matching ties and kerchiefs.

That they were all brilliant was taken as a matter of course. Almost all, naturally, went to the *grandes écoles*, where their minds acquired the delicate precision of a Swiss watch. But the French elite are separated out even earlier. A recent study found that 40 per cent of France's top 124 powerbrokers went to one of three Parisian high schools.

But the Mitterrand aristocracy also collected intellectuals the old-fashioned way, by buying them. Jack Lang doubled the arts budget. Last summer a Caucasian epic was staged in Normandy. Each performance cost $10,000. The average audience was 15. The state picked up the tab.

Mitterrand boasted of a "state-sponsored renaissance." Mr. Lang went on fashionable crusades to elevate graffiti and rap music. Cafés were to be called "dialogue spaces." It was a brave attempt to reclaim imperial glory via the public purse.

For all its intellectual and moral pretensions, the Mitterrand government was deathly afraid of ideas. They settled disputes not through open debate, but the way one settles matters of taste, through peer pressure and social intimidation. Thanks to this style, it became a breach of etiquette, for example, to question the virtues of European union. It is still socially impermissible to question agricultural subsidies. It is absolutely impermissible to question the Franco-German alliance. When the Germans do something that bothers the French, they blame the Anglo-Saxons.

One of the results of the transmogrification of opinion into a matter of etiquette is that public discussion decays. When the French finally got around to debating European union, the level of discussion was unsophisticated. During last month's election, public debate was carried out on a similarly low level. The only significant new idea of the campaign was a Socialist proposal: the work week would be cut back to four days, with no loss of salary, and new employees would be hired to pick up the slack. As economic knowledge this flunks nursery school.

Without ideas, the *gauche caviar* drifted along in technocratic fashion. They tried to pump life into French high-tech firms by rearranging their organizational charts. They became self-indulgent and corrupt. The technocracy killed thousands of people by knowingly distributing AIDS-tainted blood. They did this because they cared only about the bureaucratic procedures, and could not even see the people they were affecting.

Last month, voters got a chance to register their disgust with this aristocracy. *Le Figaro* had it right when it described the complete rejection of the Socialists as a vote against snobbery.

The default winner of the election was the Right. Their vote did not go up, but the Socialist vote collapsed to such an extent that the Right now dominates the parliament. François Mitterrand sits for two more years in the president's chair; the top leaders of the French Right squirm on the sidelines waiting to run to succeed him. Meanwhile, Edouard Balladur has been selected prime minister. France does not deserve this guy. He has as sophisticated an understanding of global economics as any world leader.

STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE

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This quarterly journal from Legacy Communications will address key public policy issues facing the Christian community today. The inaugural issue, just released, is entitled *"Where Do We Go From Here? An Agenda for Conservatives During Cultural Captivity."* This issue includes articles and essays from noted writers like Doug Bandow, George Grant, Dr. D. James Kennedy, Janet Parshall, Howard Phillips, Larry Pratt, E. Calvin Beisner, and others. Future issues will focus on environmentalism, radical homosexuality, multiculturalism, and other crucial topics.
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He is a free-marketeer and a man with unimpeachable character. That said, don't expect too much.

French policy is paralyzed by France's grandest attempt to retain its glory and prestige—European Union. France would rename itself Europe and through the European Community, which it dominates, would restore itself as a superpower.

The last vestige of that tattered vision is the European Monetary Union. If France lets the franc float against the Mark, then the Maastricht treaty's dream of political union will be smashed. But by keeping the franc tied to the Mark, the French must endure the high interest rates that may be right for Germany at the moment but are contributing to France's economic stagnation and their 11 per cent unemployment rate.

Balladur therefore faces a typically French choice: go for grandeur through Europe or give up Europe for the sake of lower interest rates and presumed growth. Mr. Balladur is going for grandeur. In its first weeks, his government has unmistakably signalled its commitment to continued monetary links with Germany.

It's not clear how much Mr. Balladur has his heart in this policy. He now bills himself as an avid European, but his record suggests otherwise. In 1986, a week after he became finance minister, he devalued the franc against the Mark. Euroskeptics across the Continent report conversations in which he has expressed doubts about European political union.

Mr. Balladur probably feels that his hands are tied by the fragility of his governing coalition. The French Right is not a single movement, it is a collection of factions. In his own party, the RPR, there are several. And the UDF of his coalition partner, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, is a coalition of dozens of little cells, each with its little Napoleon. If Mr. Balladur challenged European Union, the coalition would end. The rightist government puts its own 1995 presidential hopes at risk by continuing the failed Socialist economic policy, but Balladur and Chirac probably feel there is no choice.

The French nation can't break the ideological logjam until it makes some basic decisions. France has to decide if it is going to protect its rural institutions and sacrifice economic and social dynamism, or whether it will pursue the global marketplace, and lose some of its inherited institutions. Until this is thrashed out even a leader as distinguished as Mr. Balladur can't move the country. ☐

Electability Rules

THOMAS HARVEY HOLT

CHESTER, VA.

THERE IS a sense of urgency among Virginia Republicans similar to that of the pre-Clinton national Democrats: this year's gubernatorial election is a must-win if the party is not simply to fade away. Although Ronald Reagan ran so far ahead in Virginia that he hardly needed to campaign here, a Republican last won the Virginia governorship in 1977. This year the GOP's chances are good against a very strong Democratic field—if that very urgency does not push it to forsake a winning coalition in the name of "electability."

The E word dictated the party's decision to choose its ticket by convention; party leaders wanted to avoid a repeat of 1989, when a bitter primary left the party divided in the general election. But the core "electability" debate is one between Reagan Coalitionists and the GOP Lite, who have bought the media line that gubernatorial nominee Marshall Coleman in 1989 and George Bush in 1992 lost because of abortion and other family issues. The 10,000 to 12,000 delegates (possibly a world record) expected to attend the convention on June 5 will set the party's course for this campaign and beyond.

The E word is no small concern against one of the strongest Democratic tickets in memory. Democratic gubernatorial nominee Mary Sue Terry, who in accordance with tradition recently stepped down as attorney general to campaign full-time, is running her third statewide campaign. In 1989 she outpolled her running-mate, gubernatorial candidate L. Douglas Wilder, by nearly 200,000 votes while he pulled out a 7,000-vote squeaker. Described by one GOP operative as a "good old boy in high heels," Miss Terry is a personable campaigner who comes stylistically—although not ideologically—from southern Virginia's agrarian tradition.

In the number-two slot is incumbent Lieutenant Governor Don Beyer, a reasonable sort who is not afraid to buck party dogma. For instance, he proposed a cut in state capital-gains taxes while national Democrats were using the issue to pummel Bush. Only the nominee for attorney general, northern Virginia lawyer William Dolan, is unknown to voters.

Facing this team, the Republicans can, if they choose, field a strong ticket that finally could duplicate the Reagan Coalition on fiscal, law-and-order, and family issues.

Presumptive gubernatorial nominee George Allen, a 41-year-old former congressman and state delegate, is running on a "no new taxes" platform, and his stump speech stresses "empowering the people, not the bureaucracy." But he treats the family agenda like broccoli. He discusses abortion only in a position paper available upon request (even though he generally falls in the pro-life camp), and he favors school choice only in a pilot project, although he scores points with populists for his support of locally elected school boards (a recent innovation here). His overall theme nevertheless is Reaganesque: "We need to bring back a concept known as personal responsibility."

Allen's plans for an easy ride to the convention were upset by Earle Williams, Virginia's version of Ross Perot. Williams, the retired chairman of BDM International, a defense contractor, also is running as a fiscal conservative, although he refuses to take a "no new taxes" pledge. He argues that there is little substantive difference between himself and Allen and that he is the more—brace yourself—"electable" of the two. Like Perot, he says, "I am trying to reach people who are fed up with politics as usual."

The third entrant, Delegate Clinton Miller, is not a real contender; he is in the race only to pick a fight over abortion. He wants the abortion plank removed from the party's platform "on Edmund Burke conservative" grounds

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Mr. Holt is a writer living in Chester, Va.

that government should have nothing to say about the issue. He otherwise campaigns with his customary good humor: "One of my hopes is to return the good name of Clinton to Virginia."

Despite Miller's candidacy, the battle for the soul of the party is being waged not at the top of the ticket but in the race for lieutenant governor. Mike Farris, a constitutional lawyer who heads the Home School Legal Defense Association, made a dramatic entrance via direct mail, recruiting several thousand delegates. "I have the audacity to be a Republican who believes in the entire Republican platform," he says in his stump speech. "The platform defines the mainstream of the Republican Party, and I am in the mainstream." He's an unabashed pro-lifer, and he sees that as an advantage on other issues, too: "If a person sticks on the pro-life issue despite the criticism, then he's likely to stick firm on other issues as well."

Just how many delegates Farris has depends on which campaign's straw pollsters you believe, but the numbers are substantial enough to cause all three gubernatorial hopefuls to treat him gingerly. Even Miller says he "welcomes" Farris supporters.

Bobbie Kilberg, a former Bush appointee also running for lieutenant governor, is not so kind and gentle about the Farris Factor. She decries any "social-issues litmus test." Miss Kilberg, who is strongly pro-choice, says, "If we run on ideological issues we're going to lose." She argues that the contest between herself and Farris "is the defining race of the three."

Indeed it is. GOP Chairman Pat McSweeny, officially neutral, is clearly enthusiastic about the prospect of Farris on the ticket. "He is running right at the weakness of the Bush campaign with a clarity of purpose," he says.

The media are now getting in on the act. The moderate *Richmond Times-Dispatch* warned: "Never underestimate the GOP's ability to nominate a flake who turns voters against the entire ticket." And the *Washington Post* weighed in with a "news" story on Farris headlined, "Far-Right Candidate Stirs Fears for Some in Virginia GOP." "Some" being the GOP Lite.

In fact, the GOP's chances probably would be diminished without Farris. Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition says Farris would add to the ticket in much the same way Wilder did in 1985 when he ran for lieutenant governor: he is reaching out to people who have not been motivated to work and vote for Republicans, at least not recently. Anne Kincaid, a leading pro-life activist, says Farris "is a shot of B-12 into the ticket."

The GOP will need that and steroids, too, in November. But Miss Terry is not unbeatable. She ducked her duty to defend the state's interests in several key cases: she refused to enforce fines levied against the United Mine Workers during the violent Pittston Coal strike; she refused to defend the all-male Virginia Military Institute against the Bush Justice Department's anti-discimination suit; and she stopped asking courts for execution dates and dismantled her office's capital-litigation team after they successfully defended the Roger Coleman execution.

So which ticket is the GOP's best bet? Either Allen or Williams could make a good case against Miss Terry, though Allen clearly generates more excitement among the activists who work the campaigns. The two attorney-general aspirants—Jim Gilmore, a county prosecutor, and Steve Agee, a legislator—are both good candidates. What the party must avoid is chasing away the family-issues coalition by nominating Bobbie Kilberg or Clinton Miller for the number-two slot.

Says Reed: "If the grassroots side does its job, Farris does his job, and George Allen doesn't cave, then this race is winnable." □

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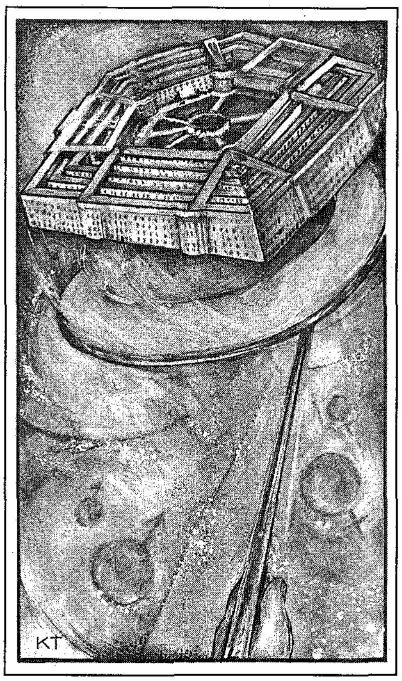

The New Armed Forces

GAYS AND MILITARY CULTURE

To listen to the top brass, you might think the American military culture had not changed since the days of General Grant. Think again—and not just about gays in the mess hall.

A. J. BACEVICH

IN THE HEATED debate over whether or not to permit gays to serve openly in the American military, both sides have been guilty of considerable disingenuousness. Those who insist that a change in the current policy is somehow essential to national security—the "we can't afford to waste the least bit of talent" school—are certainly engaged in some collective leg-pulling. Ignoring for the moment the droves of capable soldiers, sailors, and airmen receiving pink slips as part of the ongoing drawdown of American forces, existing rules appear to have done little to deter gays from joining the military. Judging from a flurry of media reports—is there a gay bar within a hundred miles of a major military installation that has not hosted at least one enterprising reporter?—gays are everywhere, serving their country with distinction in every branch of service, in every specialty, at every level of responsibility.

The truth is that without making a big deal about it most commanders tolerate homosexuals in the ranks. (To be sure, military gays and lesbians purchase this tolerance at a price, being obliged to remain utterly discreet about their sexual orientation.) This live-and-let-live tolerance—to which egregious exceptions can certainly be found—stems not from enlightened thinking on the part of military officers, the majority of whom *if asked* can be counted on to express views now commonly referred to as "homophobic." Rather it reflects the realities of workaday life, not all that much different in the military from outside it. Organizational energies are finite and there is other, more important work to be done—missions to accomplish, training to be conducted, events to prepare for—work substantially more germane to the well-being of the unit and, for that matter, to the boss's prospects for advancement than mounting witchhunts to ferret out homosexuals.

The Terms of Battle

ALAS, the progressive transformation of American culture has made it all but impossible to sustain the existing bargain. In the face of intolerance, there can be no accommodation: so say the celebrants of diversity and the imperial self. Students of military history know that the supreme advantage of owning the initiative is the ability to dictate the terms of battle: those who have seized the initiative in the ongoing culture war have singled out the prohibition on gays in the military as an outpost of benighted traditionalism especially ripe for attack. Although within the ranks of Queer Nation and ACT-UP, fervor for marching down to the nearest Army recruiter would seem to be muted at best, those who insist that this is the right thing to do *now* have imparted to their cause a well-nigh unstoppable momentum. Most significantly, President Clinton says that he agrees.

So that which hitherto had not been a big deal has very much become one. There has been no small amount of talk—blunt to the point of being extortionate—of service chiefs quitting rather than caving in to a policy seen to be so alien to traditional military values and so likely to damage morale and *esprit de corps*. Remembering that no senior military officer in recent memory has resigned over a matter of principle, the extent of the rumored unhappiness is extraordinary. The top brass claim to take no position on the question of

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ILLUSTRATION BY KATHERINE TRUNK

homosexuality per se. Instead, they base their argument on the premise that military life differs fundamentally from life on the "outside."

This notion of a unique military culture received its classic formulation in Samuel P. Huntington's *The Soldier and the State*, published in 1957, but still the best description of how military officers like to see themselves. There is indeed a military mind, says Huntington, one that he characterizes as committed to "the supremacy of society over the individual," believing in "the continuity and value of history," and devoted to civilian control as "essential to military professionalism." The military mind, according to Huntington, is "realistic and conservative." Contrasting that conservative ethic with the liberal orthodoxy predominant in American society, Huntington found much to admire: he ascribed to military life an "ordered serenity," its "rhythm and harmony" deriving from the willing subordination of "individual whim" to the common good. A "sense of organic unity and consciousness" binds soldiers to one another as members of a "community of structured purpose." Huntington makes no bones about it: American military professionals—to the extent that they are *truly* professional—are un-American in outlook.

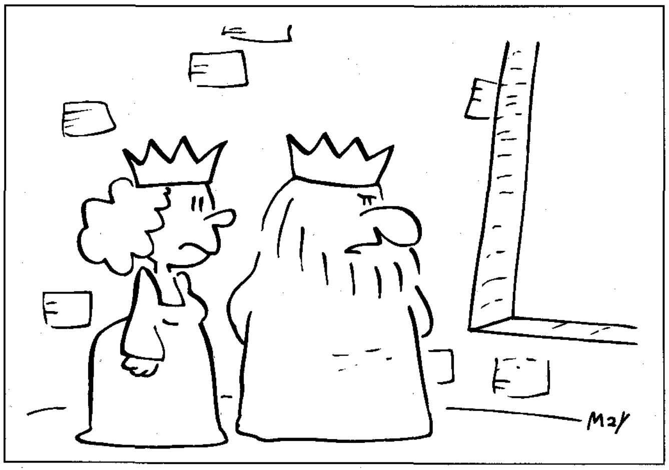
From the moment that *The Soldier and the State* appeared in print, it captivated the profession that it exalted. Intended as a sophisticated contribution to social science, Huntington's book became something more akin to an inspirational tract, a wellspring of collective identity and self-esteem. In the intervening years, it has lost little of its ability to beguile—so little that those inside the military seldom ask whether Huntington's model still fits. In fact, it doesn't. If the "garish individualism" that Huntington ascribed to mid-1950s America seemed somewhat at odds with military culture, then surely the social upheaval of the past three decades has been altogether antagonistic. One might have expected, then, that the military would have isolated itself from such trends. Such has not been the case. As anyone familiar with the modern "all-volunteer" force can attest, the methods, the mores, even the fads prevalent in today's military mirror those of the society from which the services fill their ranks.

Sentimentalists will deny that much has changed, insisting that devotion to old-line values such as Duty, Honor, Country remains as genuine as ever. Although this may be true, it is largely irrelevant. Grand ideals do little to explain behavior, whether individual or collective. If asked, most journalists would no doubt profess their devotion to the principle of free speech; but it seems unlikely that concern for the First Amendment is what gets the average American reporter out of bed in the morning. At some level, police officers no doubt believe that respect for the law is essential for the functioning of a free society. Whether or not the typical cop has that in mind as he cruises the mean streets of the modern American city is another matter.

Slogans may indeed have remained intact. Likewise, quaint rituals that give soldiering a patina of being "different" survive—ribbons and badges, uniforms and ceremonies. Yet the persistence of such martial tokens serves only to conceal the extent to which the real fabric of American military life has changed. The transformation of American military life since the 1960s—particularly since the Vietnam War—has undermined precisely those qualities that the acolytes of *The Soldier and the State* would cite as distinguishing the military professional from his civilian counterpart.

Blending In

THE ARGUMENT in favor of a distinct military culture begins with the insistence that the military man (or woman) is more than a mere technician. Whatever gratification soldiers, sailors, and airmen derive from exercising their craft—piloting a jet aircraft, standing watch on the bridge of a fighting ship, or leading an armored column—the case for military distinctiveness is not to be found in any of those things. The "rhythm and harmony" to which Huntington admiringly refers are to be traced to less bellicose surroundings—to the barracks, the orderly room, the mess hall. If indeed the military can lay claim to some sense of "organic unity," it will be found in the intimacy of platoon and company life.



*"Two weeks without an assassination attempt—
I wonder what they're up to."*

That intimacy derived from two factors. First, as members of a unit, soldiers lived, worked, ate, slept, and played together; second, subordinated to a common leadership—classically, the company commander and first sergeant—those same soldiers were subject to authority that made itself felt in ways that were direct, immediate, and personal. The changes experienced by the military in recent years have whittled away at both.

Start with the barracks itself, the premier symbol of the military vocation as something apart—an austere, incontestably male, almost monastic domain. Needless to say, it is no longer male, co-ed being the order of the day. More to the point, an increased propensity of very junior soldiers to marry and a pay-scale that gives even single soldiers options for other living arrangements have progressively reduced the proportion of serving men and women who call the barracks home. For those who remain, the trend is toward barracks configured like apartments, with separate rooms, private lavatories, and provisions for cooking. Space is managed not with an eye toward unit identity (one building to Company A, another to Company B) but on the basis of efficiency (keeping overall occupancy above some prescribed level). The intermixing of the soldiers of Company A with those of Company B—once condemned as "violating unit integrity"—is no longer a concern. Accompanying this indifference to unit identity comes the dilution of responsibility for what happens inside barracks. Restrictions on decor, on the use of alcohol (never very effectively enforced), on the age and gender of visitors—even overnight visitors—have fallen by the wayside. Barracks residents—and not the chain of command—determine the tenor of barracks life.

This shift from barracks to "dorm" (increasingly the preferred term) undermines the separateness that was once emblematic of military life—the sense of being apart (from civilian life) and yet together (with your own kind). As soldiers have become less likely to bunk with their squad mates, so also are they less inclined to socialize with them. In choosing buddies to hang around with, Smith looks first not to his unit but to the racial or ethnic group with which he identifies. Jones, living off-post, has a wife who probably has her own full-time job and may, in fact, be a soldier herself. She has no time and little inclination to participate in traditional "distaff" activities—the coffee groups and volunteer work—that once served as essential adjuncts to unit solidarity. The concept of "service wife" as a viable career verges on extinction. After work, both Smith and Jones shed their uniforms, don the latest in fashion and footwear—along with perhaps an earring or two—and

How Many Gays?

NEWSWEEK recently reported that, "like the population at large, the armed forces are 10 per cent gay." The magazine never revealed the source of its information about the make-up of the armed forces. Considering that the armed forces are openly hostile to homosexuals and that military applicants are screened for the AIDS virus, as are active-duty soldiers, such a presumption is probably not warranted. But as to the population at large—well, we all know that's true, don't we?

Certainly we are constantly reminded of the assertion. For example, a homosexual group in Madison, Wisconsin, calls itself the Ten Per Cent Society. The 10 per cent figure is also regularly employed by such groups as the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, which claims to represent "23 million gay and lesbian persons."

Indeed, the 10 per cent figure often seems to be used as a minimum. Outgoing New York schools chancellor Joseph Fernandez, in justifying his Rainbow Curriculum, says: "It's not about sex, but it's about the fact that there's *at least* 10 per cent of the population that's gay or lesbian" (emphasis added). The *Boston Globe* recently stated, "According to the classic Kinsey study, 10 per cent of the general population is estimated to be gay—a conservative estimate by all accounts."

Putting "all accounts" aside for now, the main problem with the 10 per cent figure is that Kinsey never said it. At least, not in the way that is suggested.

Professor Alfred Kinsey, in his landmark *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948), did not simply count "homosexuals" and "heterosexuals." Rather, he rated his subjects on a scale of 1 to 6, least homosexual to most homosexual. He then came up with figures for three levels of homosexual behavior. He figured at 37 per cent the proportion of the male population that had "had some homosexual experience" to the point of orgasm. The 10 per cent figure that Kinsey did use was that 10 per cent of males are "more or less exclusively homosexual for at least three years between the ages of 16 and 55." The figure for men who are exclusively homosexual throughout their lives drops to 4 per cent.

This, mind you, applied exclusively to men. While Kinsey used no such classification system for women, he did say in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* that the incidence of lesbianism was about half that of male homosexuality.

In addition to misrepresentations of Kinsey's own words, one problem with the original data is that half the men studied were literally a captive group: they were prisoners. Properly weighting one's data could reduce this apparent problem; this is what Kinsey defenders have argued. Yet some of his own researchers at the Kinsey Institute thought that the large prisoner sample skewed his data in favor of homosexuality. When two of these researchers retabulated the original data to exclude persons "convicted of any offense other than traffic violations and who did not come from any source which we knew to be biased in terms of sexual behavior," they found that the broadest category of homosexuality was still close to Alfred Kinsey's 37 per cent figure, but that Kinsey's 10 per cent figure was really about 4 per cent.

Usually the 10 per cent figure is given in a context implying that no other studies of male homosexuality have been done. Indeed, some writers say as much, lamenting that in the age of AIDS, there are no more current data. In the August 1992 *American Demographics*, Diane Crispell wrote, "In 1948, the Kinsey report estimated that 10 per cent of men and 2 to 3 per cent of women were exclusively gay or lesbian. No subsequent research has improved on that estimate." In fact, there have been a number of studies and they all point in the same direction.

For example, a telephone survey reported in the January 1990 *Journal of Homosexuality*, by DeKalb University sociologist Joseph Harry, asked 663 men: "Would you say that you are sexually attracted to mem-

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head to the movies, a local night-spot, or the mall. They slip comfortably into the mainstream of American pop consumerism—and are lost from sight.

Yet they are by no means a frivolous group. On the contrary, knowing that the modern military works on the principle of "up or out," service men and women are acutely sensitive to institutional cues about what it takes to survive. Is completion of a service school a prerequisite for re-enlistment? Soldiers will know precisely the requirements for eligibility. Have the services ordained civilian education to be an important predictor of individual "potential"? The ranks of those signed up for night school multiply. With these changes has come the tendency to define ambition in terms of pay grade instead of rank. Rather than aspiring for promotion to sergeant, young soldiers talk of "getting my E5." Officers speculate endlessly about the O3 list, the O4 list, and so on—the failure to make any such cut spelling their demise.

Linked to these changes has been a radical recasting of the role of leadership. Like the rest of corporate America, the military has embraced the goals of rationalization and efficiency, manifested in ever-increasing emphasis on centralized management, automation, and deference to specialists. At the level of the company orderly room, the impact has been to diminish the leader's authority and to erode the link between leader and led. The soldier who once instinctively looked to his sergeant and his captain for sustenance, shelter, pay, promotions, and discipline now finds that their ability to affect his life is dwindling. Problems that were once solved with dispatch within the confines of the company are now "referred" elsewhere—to a counselor or "caregiver," most likely a stranger, or to a clerk with access

bers of the opposite sex or members of your own sex?" Only 3.7 per cent said they were attracted to their own. Underreporting is always going to be a problem in such surveys, because of social opprobrium against homosexuality. But even if everyone who didn't answer the question was classified as homosexual, this would add up to only 5.7 per cent. Professor Harry concluded: "The present data provide no support for Kinsey's 10 per cent estimate of homosexuality in adult men," but rather "are considerably closer to Gebhard's [one of the aforementioned Kinsey researchers] 4 per cent."

Another telephone survey, conducted in 1986 of San Francisco males, found that 56,000 claimed to be either homosexual or bisexual. This accounts for 15 per cent of the total male population of the city, or about 18 per cent of those over the age of 13. Considering that San Francisco probably has one of the highest concentrations of male homosexuals in the country, this would tend to indicate that 10 per cent as a nationwide figure would be quite high.

The largest single analysis of surveys pertaining to homosexual prevalence appeared in the November 1991 *Journal of Sex Research*. It looked at five surveys conducted between 1970 and 1990, three of which asked questions concerning sexual preference. One of these was actually conducted by the Kinsey Institute and received a fair amount of media attention when it appeared in a 1989 issue of *Science*. The authors reported: "It is estimated that 1.4 per cent of men had adult homosexual contacts (for example, at age 20 years and older) whose frequency was characterized as being 'fairly often' (at some point in time). An additional 1.9 per cent of men had adult experiences whose frequency was characterized as 'occasionally.' Taken together, these two groups made up 3.3 per cent of the adult male population."

The *Science* article went on to say that while "these numbers appear similar to the 1948 Kinsey estimate" that "4 per cent of U.S. men are 'exclusively homosexual' throughout their lives . . . the interpretation of our estimates is different. Most of the men included in our 3.3 per cent estimate could not be classified as 'exclusively homosexual' throughout their lives."

The report was even more direct in challenging Alfred Kinsey's 37 per cent figure for any kind of homosexual activity, instead concluding that a more accurate number was about 20 per cent.

When the new Kinsey Institute study was combined with the other four studies, the *Journal of Sex Research* reported, "an unexpectedly consistent view" emerged. "Roughly 5 to 7 per cent of American men," it said, "*report* some same-gender sexual contact in adulthood" (emphasis in original). Further, it said, "the evidence, although sketchy, suggests that same-gender sexual contact may be a sporadic occurrence for many of the men who report such contacts during adulthood." In the category of men who had had sexual contact with other men in the past year it found only "roughly 2 per cent." Looking at the other side of the coin, the analysis said: "96 per cent of adult American males report some heterosexual contact since age 18," and 87 per cent had had such contact within the last 12 months. Incidentally, the survey analysis found that only 0.3 per cent of the respondents had had sexual contacts with both men and women in the previous 12 months, helping to explain why doomsayers who predicted (and even announced the arrival of) an explosion of AIDS cases among female heterosexuals were wrong.

None of this intrinsically says anything about the morality of homosexuality or homosexual practices. By definition, geniuses account for a tiny portion of the population, yet nobody calls them deviant or demands that they be denied rights. But to the extent that homosexual activists believe it is very important for the world to know that they constitute 10 per cent of the population—and therefore, by inference, 10 per cent of the electorate or of the military—it seems that it ought to be very important to know if they do not.

—MICHAEL FUMENTO

to the right data base. Faceless boards in distant cities decide whom to send to school, whom to promote, whom to terminate, basing their judgments not on first-hand knowledge or personal contact but on a hastily read microfiche—with due consideration, of course, for the dictates of affirmative action.

In the context of the modern American workplace, the changes in the military are unremarkable. In the eyes of most observers, moreover, the impact of these changes has been positive. Certainly, today's military men and women enjoy a better quality of life and a broader range of opportunities than their predecessors in the era celebrated by Huntington, are treated with greater dignity, and are less likely to be victimized by either favoritism or old-fashioned abuses of power. Young people of talent see this and join up ("Be all that you can be"), providing a steady stream of smart, competent, and reliable recruits. That so many of them subsequently seek to make a career of it is powerful testimony to the military's success in satisfying their expectations.

Even so, within the military itself, some have watched with uneasiness the intrusion of civilian norms and values. As a result, the extent to which the new methods have taken root is uneven. If the Air Force, as the most technical and least traditional of the services, has embraced the process with something like exuberance, the Marines have done so with notable reluctance. Within a single service, there exist pockets of resistance. Yet the piecemeal nature of the process has inhibited efforts to fathom its broader implications. Furthermore, the applause generated by victories in the Gulf and elsewhere has drowned out many such misgivings. Having suffered through the humiliation of Vietnam, military leaders can hardly be blamed for savoring their recent success. That the price of that success may have included dismantling much of what had made their profession a distinctive calling—and that this tendency may yet have adverse consequences—is a notion that they have little inclination to contemplate.

Which brings us back to gays. For years after Vietnam, the services labored assiduously to regain the support of the American people by shedding the image of being "alien" or "different," by becoming more genuinely American. They succeeded. Yet having conformed to virtually every expression of cultural orthodoxy, the admirals and generals now argue that the military must preserve itself from contamination by "unmilitary" influences at large in American life and that this *particular* influence will have uniquely adverse effects. The argument will not wash. Having embraced the American experiment, the military cannot now on the specific issue of gays opt out of what that experiment has come to signify—with regard to individuals, unfettered equality of opportunity; and with regard to sex, a permissiveness that approaches the absolute. Like it or not, an *American* military cannot arbitrarily exempt itself from either the first or the second.

So the generals and the admirals will lose on the issue of gays. Although some will find the adjustment painful, those in the ranks will quickly adapt themselves to the new order of things—which will prove soon enough to be all but indistinguishable from the previous order. The controversy will fade. The deracination of American military culture will continue unchecked—and there lies the pity of it all.

The New/Old Face of War

TODAY, in particular, the relationship between military effectiveness and traditional notions of military professionalism positively cries out for *systematic* reassessment—not as a device for bashing some cultural proclivity, but as a starting point for the much-discussed restructuring of American forces. Such a reassessment should begin with this question: What will be the character of war in the new era? To many, the answer is self-evident. Future conflicts will resemble Desert Storm: brief, decisive, almost bloodless (for the victor), enthusiastically supported at home, decided by the skillful employment of high-tech weapons, which is America's strong suit. To those who see war's future in such terms, the Gulf suggests that combat will henceforth become impersonal and remote, its essence reduced to the efficient manipulation of advanced sensors to locate targets that are "handed off" and then "serviced"—a war of cathode-ray tubes, stealth platforms, computers, lasers, and long-range missiles.

If this is so, then the demise of military culture since Vietnam would seem to be of little consequence. Military professionalism might be redefined altogether, with surviving manifestations of traditional pomp and ceremony discarded as so much expensive nostalgia. The same for the expensive academies that provide preferred access to the officer class, for the officer/enlisted class structure, and for heavily subsidized "on-post" services (housing, supermarkets, recreation facilities) that duplicate those available downtown. What do these relics of privilege contribute to our ability to wage push-button wars? A leavening of gays—or of women, for that matter—in the cockpits of jet fighters or in rifle squads (to the extent that any are required) is unlikely to alter the effectiveness of such a force one way or the other.

Yet just perhaps the Gulf War is not the first war of the new era, but the final one of an era now past—an era in which Great Powers clashed with one another to dominate continents or to advance universalistic ideologies. Liberating Kuwait provided a festive dénouement to nearly a century of gore, the century of "world" wars. Although their long-intended opponent had opted out of the script, the hosts raised for World War III finally had their day. Yet to postulate that the era of modern military crusades may now be closed is not to suggest that peace is at hand. War will continue but in an altogether different shape—conflicts short on villains and high on moral ambiguity, for which technology provides no silver bullet, in which the fighting is prolonged and indecisive, casualties are substantial, public support is ephemeral, and the media are testy about progress that is too slow, collateral damage too widespread, or noncombatant suffering too severe. It is not difficult to envision the origins of such conflicts—a Somalia turned sour, a Bosnia that won't go away, a disintegrating Russia unable to secure its nuclear arsenal, any of a dozen or more scenarios. The Pentagon will be uncomfortable with such wars, but they will land in America's lap just the same, boosted by the rising belief in the invincibility of the world's only superpower. As the conventional wisdom would have it, "the troops" can do anything.

Rather than being sanitized by a "military-technical revolution," the personal experience of war in this new era may don once again the face that it has worn through most of history. Moments of glory may be few in comparison to the demoralizing loneliness and boredom borne of protracted campaigns, terror deriving from combat at close quarters, anguish that comes from seeing friends mutilated and killed, the inevitable suspicion among those carrying the short swords that the cause trumpeted from on high fails to justify the sacrifices exacted of them. Adversity may well require a military establishment that in character resembles less the victorious forces of the Cold War than the forces that in former days disposed of the thankless task of maintaining order in distant lands—the Thin Red Line that policed the British Empire, the Foreign Legion that garrisoned the colonies of France, the American constabulary that eliminated the Indian as an obstacle to territorial expansion and then "pacified" the subject lands acquired in 1898. Although we may dismiss as politically incorrect the causes in which these soldiers fought, their willingness to suffer and die for their queen, for their civilization, or for their regiment cannot help impressing us. To be sure, technology and individual competence played an important role in whatever success they achieved. Yet such qualities would have availed little absent a bedrock of discipline and cohesion that bonded soldiers to one another and to their leaders—and that derived in no small measure from a clear understanding manifested in the fabric of his day-to-day existence that a soldier's life was indeed fundamentally different from life on the "outside."

Future wars may summon American soldiers once again to demonstrate great reserves of the very intangibles that the services in recent years have found it expedient to neglect. Yet to argue that such intangibles were once byproducts of traditional military culture is not to say that the solution lies in flicking some switch to restore that culture. America's headlong rush toward its strange New Jerusalem has gone too far for that, making the rekindling of a distinct military ethos in any form into a daunting proposition—one that goes far beyond the question of gays to touch on basic issues of what makes some men warriors.

Revolving around familiar questions like roles and missions, force structure, systems acquisition, budget share, and, yes, gays, the debate now being joined over America's post–Cold War military policy seems destined to consume itself with matters of secondary importance. The character of American military culture, how that character has been changing, its relevance to the challenges that lie ahead—such matters are unlikely to receive serious attention. Inattention to these issues outside of the military may be excusable. The inattention of the military itself—the continuing pretense that the distinct "rhythm and harmony," the sense of "organic unity" of their profession remain intact—is not. Would that the military's reverence for Huntington would lead soldiers to contemplate his warning of the consequences of failing to nurture and sustain their culture. Should soldiers ever "abjure the military spirit" that makes them special and makes them different, he wrote in his peroration, they would "destroy themselves first and their nation ultimately." That the essence of such a "military spirit" may well have vanished just when the nation needs it most may someday overshadow the posturing by both sides in the controversy over gays. ☐

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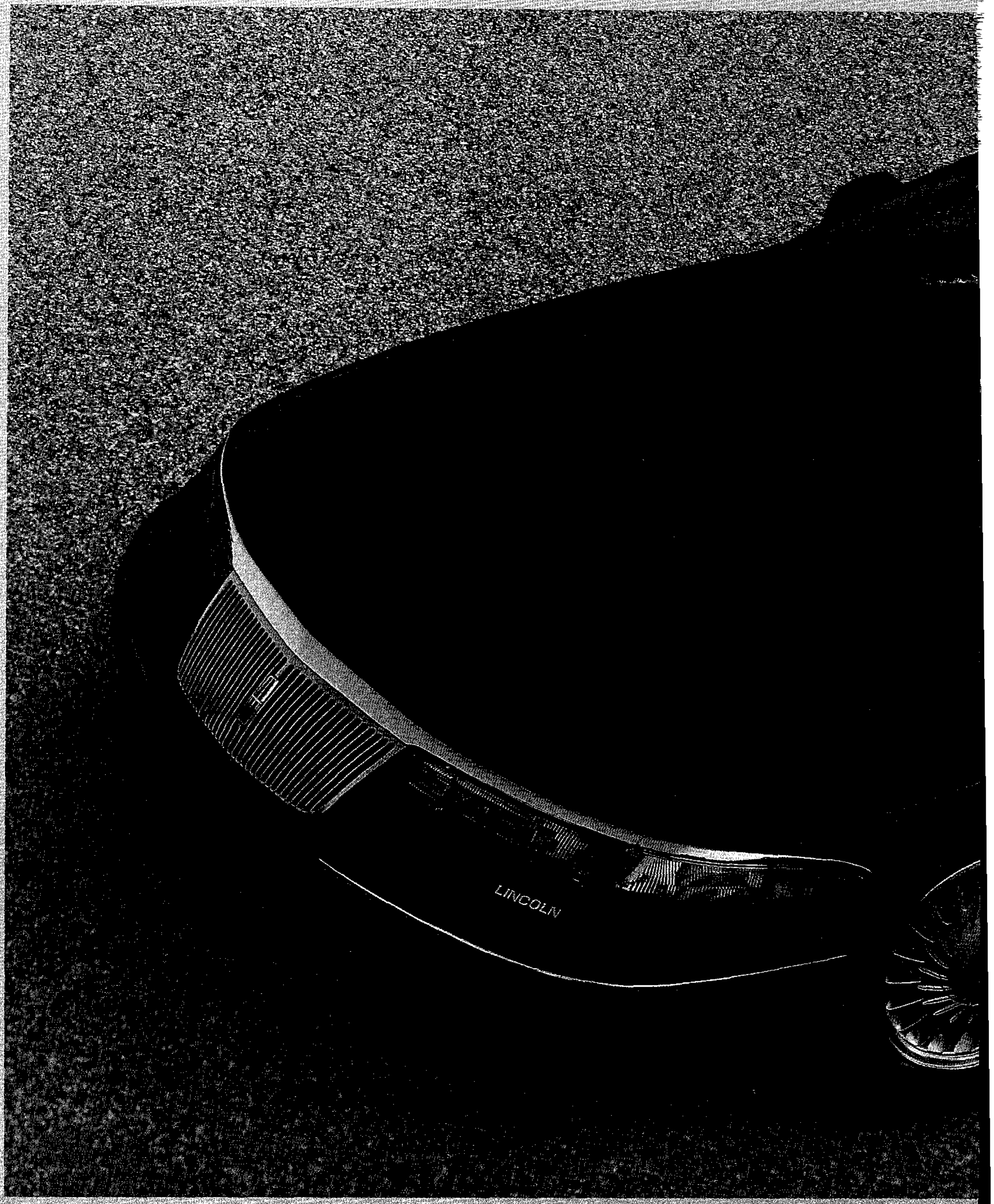

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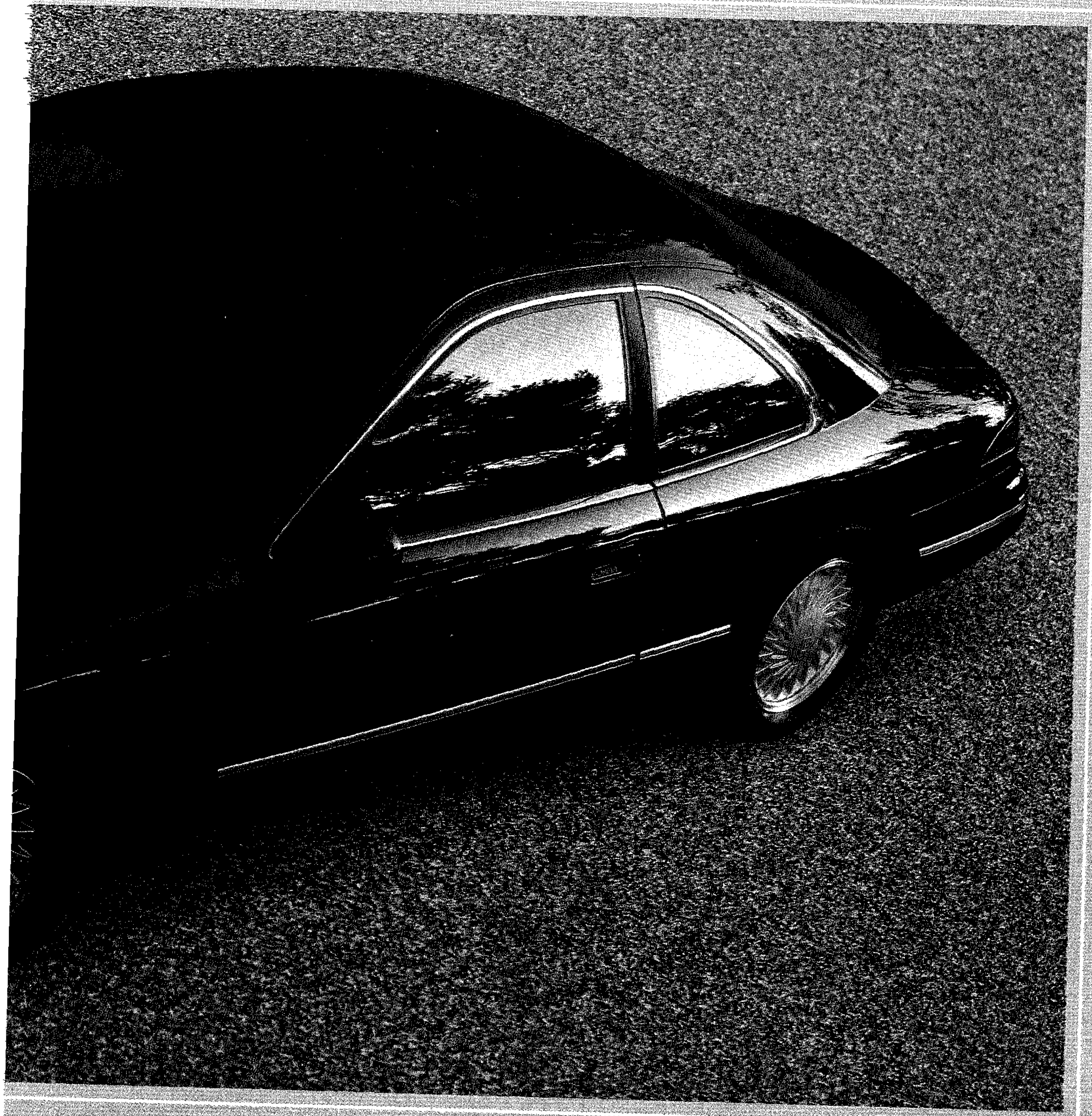

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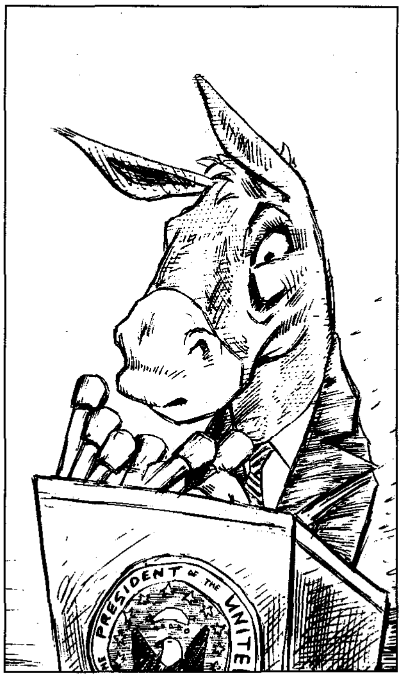

Clinton's Choice

INFLATION AND THE DEMOCRATS

President Clinton has not said much about inflation; which theoretically leaves open the possibility that he may be a hard-money man. But don't count on it. For starters, he's a Democrat.

BRUCE BARTLETT

PERHAPS the most disturbing aspect of President Clinton's insistence on pressing ahead with an economic-stimulus program despite universally positive economic data (including a 4.7 per cent growth rate in the fourth quarter and the biggest increase in payroll jobs in ten years in February) is the cavalier attitude it signifies toward inflation. This growth-at-all-costs approach may not show up in price indexes for some time, but continuation of such a policy will inevitably mean inflation.

To a certain extent, a revival of inflation is the unavoidable result of having a Democrat in the White House. Clearly, one of the major factors differentiating parties of the Right and of the Left in all countries is their relative concern for inflation on the one hand and unemployment on the other. Parties of the Right, including the Republican Party, tend to represent the creditor class, which is hostile to inflation because it destroys their wealth. Conversely, parties of the Left, including the Democratic Party, tend to represent the debtor class, which benefits from inflation by having their debts liquidated. John Maynard Keynes illustrated this point graphically in 1922:

> The tendency of money to depreciate has been in past times a weighty counterpoise against the cumulative results of compound interest and the inheritance of fortunes. It has been a loosening influence against the rigid distribution of old-won wealth and the separation of ownership from activity. By this means each generation can disinherit in part its predecessors' heirs.

Consequently, if there is a perceived conflict between inflation and unemployment—the so-called Phillips Curve trade-off—Democrats will tend to favor less unemployment, while Republicans will tend to favor price stability. The chart on page 36 illustrates this fact by showing the inflation rate during the first and the last years of recent presidential Administrations. The unmistakable conclusion is that inflation tends to rise when Democrats are in office and to fall when Republicans are.

I Say Tomato . . .

THE CAUSE of this phenomenon does not lie solely with the nature of the constituencies represented by each party; it also results from different outlooks on what causes inflation in the first place. While both Republicans and Democrats agree that inflation results from an excess of demand over supply, Democrats tend to view the problem from the perspective of supply, with inflation resulting from inadequate productive capacity rather than excess demand. Republicans, by contrast, generally view inflation as exclusively a demand-side phenomenon.

In addition, the two parties tend to have different views about the relative importance of monetary and fiscal policy. Democrats tend to be Keynesians, viewing fiscal policy almost exclusively in terms of the deficit. Deficits are viewed as inherently stimulative, and it makes no difference whether a deficit results from higher spending or lower taxes. (By the same token, it does not matter whether deficits are reduced by higher taxes or lower spending.) Monetary policy plays no major role in this model other than passively accommodating fiscal policy.

Republicans, on the other hand, tend to be monetarists, seeing inflation as resulting largely, if not exclusively, from excess demand caused by excessive money growth. Budget deficits, on this view, are not inherently stimulative: they have that effect only insofar as they force the Federal Reserve to increase the money supply. Moreover, in the Republican model, it makes a great deal of difference whether deficits result from higher spending or lower taxes. (And therefore, it makes considerable difference whether deficits are reduced by higher taxes or lower spending.) Higher spending and taxes increase government's share of output and are inher-

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Mr. Bartlett, a visiting fellow at the Cato Institute, was deputy assistant secretary for economic policy at the Treasury Department under Presidents Reagan and Bush.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BOWER

ently anti-growth, while lower spending and taxes are stimulative.

In summary, Democrats tend to favor a loose money policy and react to inflation by tightening fiscal policy. Thus, Lyndon Johnson strongly attacked Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin in 1966 for tightening monetary policy when the first signs of inflation began to emerge. Martin unfortunately backed off, setting in motion an inflationary spiral that would last for a decade and a half. Later, when inflation could no longer be ignored, Johnson reacted by raising taxes, with a 10 per cent income-tax surcharge in 1968.

Past as Prologue

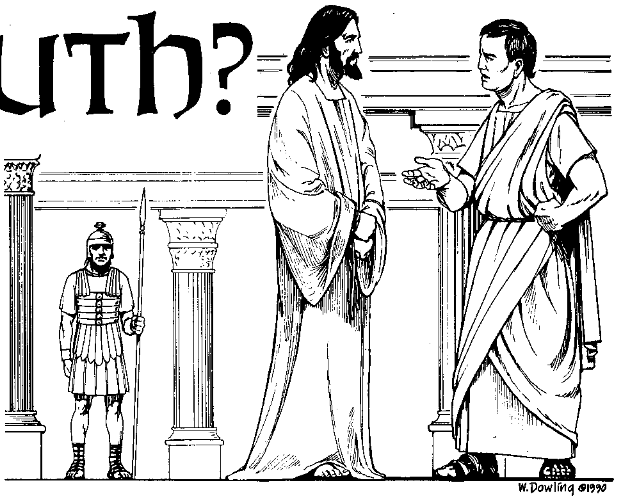
WHAT does this tell us about inflation in the Clinton era? It is hard to say with certainty because inflation was not an important issue during the campaign and he was not compelled to explain clearly his views on the subject. Clinton's few comments on monetary policy have been vague and inconclusive. Perhaps his most significant comment came at the end of his economic summit, when he said that he would oppose higher interest rates "unless there was serious evidence of a return to inflation." Clinton further indicated that as long as there is under-utilized capacity in the economy inflation is unlikely to develop.

Another clue to Clinton's thinking may be found in an important article by his closest campaign economic advisor, Robert Shapiro, published in the Winter 1982 issue of *The Public Interest*. In this article, Shapiro basically says that the Federal Reserve's independence is a myth, that it is above all a political institution whose behavior must be analyzed as such. To the extent that the Fed has a guiding principle, it is to support Treasury's borrowing above all else, thus subordinating the goals of price stability and maximum growth in the economy. Therefore, reducing deficit spending is the essential precondition for getting the Fed to follow a growth-maximizing monetary policy. Otherwise, its preoccupation with financing the deficit will always dominate its decisionmaking.

While one cannot say that the views of one advisor necessarily indicate what President Clinton's policy toward the Fed will be, Clinton's policy thus far seems consistent with Shapiro's analysis. Clinton clearly views the Fed as a political institution and treats it in much the same way as he treats Congress. This means utilizing the full range of weapons in the presidential armory to achieve whatever result he wishes, including persuasion, flattery, and, ultimately, raw power. With consummate political skill Clinton moved quickly to soften up the Fed, inviting Alan Greenspan down to Little Rock for private consultations shortly after the election and inviting him to sit next to the First Lady during Clinton's own first address to Congress. This is the carrot; later comes the stick.

While the President's comments thus far have been in support of the Fed's independence, one cannot take this as a definitive indication of what he will do when the crunch comes. That crunch will come when the Fed sees the early signs of inflation re-

what is truth?



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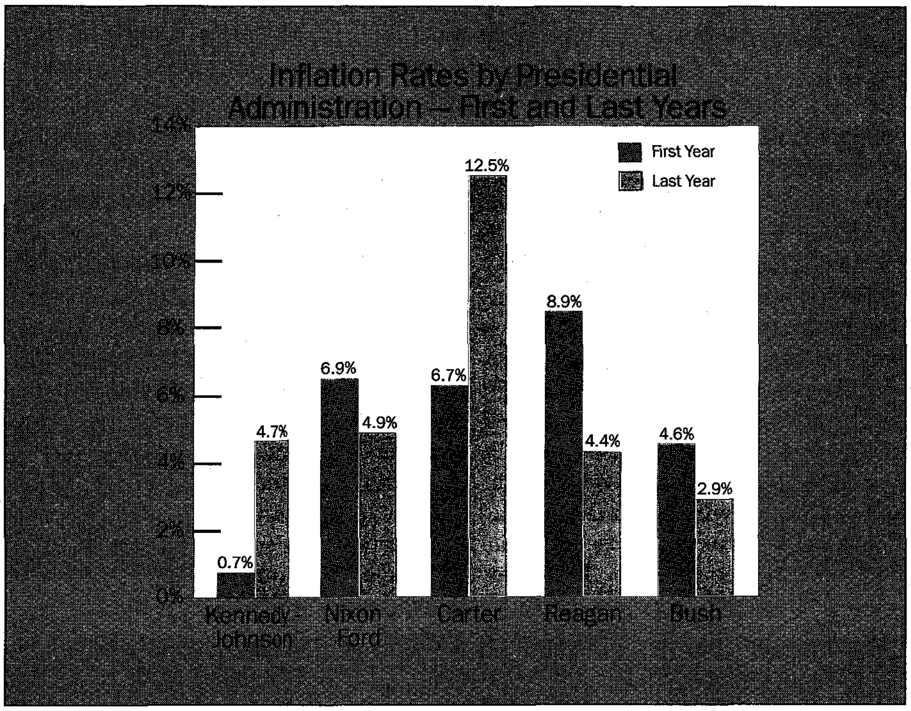

emerging and moves to raise rates and tighten monetary policy. If Clinton believes such tightening jeopardizes his re-election chances, by slowing the economy going into 1996, there is little doubt that he will react the way Johnson did in 1966. (Keep in mind the monetary policy affects real growth with a lag of one and a half to two years, as Clinton well knows.)

Thus far, Clinton has been rewarded with supportive statements from Greenspan on his economic program, in sharp contrast to Arthur Burns's highly critical comments on Carter's program in 1977. He has also seen interest rates fall to their lowest levels in a generation, as bond markets respond to the prospect of lower deficits and a stable monetary policy. However, this may simply be the calm before the storm. A recent report from Bear, Stearns & Co. notes that some important early warning signs of inflation are already in evidence:

—Treasury-bill rates are currently well below nominal GDP growth, which in the past has been a sign of easy money and future inflation.

—The Federal Reserve has been increasing the money supply at a rapid rate.

—Indexes of future inflation, such as the Purchasing Managers' price index and various commodity prices indexes, are rising sharply.

—Higher taxes, by reducing output, will make a given level of money growth more inflationary than it would otherwise be.

Of course, other signs of inflation, such as the price of gold and the monthly CPI, continue to indicate price stability. However, once inflation definitely is on the rise gold can shoot up instantly, while the CPI will always lag far behind. This is the most disturbing aspect of Clinton's comment about not tightening until the signs of inflation are unmistakable. By the time inflation shows up in the CPI it will be too late.

Gonzalez on the Attack

ANOTHER important element in the equation is Congress. There have been signs for several years that Congress would like to curb the Fed's independence. This year those plans may become more concrete. Henry Gonzalez, chairman of the House Banking Committee, has already introduced legislation to require that regional Federal Reserve Bank presidents, who serve on the Federal Open Market Committee (FOMC), the key policymaking arm of the Federal Reserve, be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate for their positions. At present, they are appointed by the private board of directors at each of the 12 regional banks. This has tended, in the view of many Fed-watchers, to insulate them from politics, making them more resistant to pressure for monetary ease than the seven presidentially appointed members of the Federal Reserve Board who also serve on the FOMC. In the past, the Fed has viewed any effort to make the regional bank presidents more politically accountable as an attack on its independence.

Another important bill attacking the Federal Reserve's independence has been introduced by Representatives Lee Hamilton and David Obey and Senator Byron Dorgan. Among other things, it would allow the President to appoint a new Fed chairman one year after taking office. (Alan Greenspan's term as chairman, for example, runs until 1996.) New Presidents must often wait years to put their own man at the helm of the Fed; they would also require Fed actions to be revealed immediately, rather than six weeks later as is now the case. And they would require the Fed to be more accountable for its own budget, which is now entirely exempt from congressional review.

Finally, one cannot help noting an increase in both the number and the intensity of congressional statements attacking the Fed. Senator Paul Sarbanes, for example, reflects the views of most Democrats when he says that any effort to raise interest rates would be "completely inappropriate." Senator Jim Sasser has accused the Fed of wearing monetary policy "like a hair shirt." Congressman Lucien Blackwell has bluntly said that if Congress does not see sufficient cooperation from the Fed, "we should consider measures to make our central bank more responsive." He suggested that we might wish to simply make the Fed an executive department, like the Department of Education.

Given such activity, it would be an easy matter for President Clinton and the Democratic Congress to play good cop, bad cop. If the Fed behaves, Clinton will rein in the congressional bomb-throwers; if it doesn't, he may turn them loose.

While President Clinton may yet turn out to be a closet hard-money man, the odds are strongly against it. And, as Bob Shapiro correctly stated in that *Public Interest* article, when faced with a choice between doing what is right and protecting its "independence," the Fed always protects itself. While Greenspan and Co. have not yet been forced to make this choice, the day will come. Prudent investors would do well to buy a little gold just in case. ☐

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Secret Civil War

THE PATRIOT GAME

The terrorism in (and from) Northern Ireland will continue, until the politicians dare to stop it.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

A SERIES of peace rallies is going on in the Republic of Ireland, beginning with a rally on March 28 that filled O'Connell Street in Dublin with an estimated twenty thousand demonstrators. The rallies are directed against political violence in general, but specifically and primarily against the IRA's armed struggle against Britain in the name of the people of Ireland.

The demonstrations were precipitated by the previous week's IRA explosions at a shopping center in Warrington, Cheshire, which cost the lives of two children. The Irish media initially played the story down, but it was forced to the front by a great wave of popular indignation. For the public, Warrington became the potent symbol of a cruel and futile "war," waged in our name without any mandate from us. For a long time now—and especially since the Armistice Day bombing at Enniskillen in November 1987—the IRA has had very little support in the Republic. In the last general election its political front—Sinn Fein—won less than 2 per cent of the popular vote. The general rejection of the IRA is now more articulate and insistent than ever before.

That is in the Republic. In Northern Ireland—which is part of the United Kingdom, by the wish of a majority of its people—the situation is significantly different. About one-third of the Catholic minority there regularly vote for Sinn Fein. Many of the remaining Catholics live in a condition of ambivalent neutrality between the IRA and the security forces, and in some fear of both. The Protestant (Unionist, Loyalist) majority there is strongly hostile to the IRA, from which its members have been under lethal attack for more than twenty years now.

At this moment, while the peace movement in the Republic is at its most vocal, the situation in Northern Ireland is increasingly approximating civil war: a civil war which reaches out into other parts of the United Kingdom, as in Warrington, and threatens to spill out into the Republic also. The Protestant backlash, long threatened, long discounted, and only sporadically manifested, is now a grim and sustained reality. Last year in Northern Ireland, more Catholics were killed by Protestants than vice versa: contrary to the previously prevailing pattern. The new pattern continues this year. Immediately after Warrington, Loyalist paramilitaries murdered six Catholics (one of them a known IRA activist) in Northern Ireland, most of them at Castlerock, Co. Derry. The peace movement in the Republic, laudable and welcome as it is in itself, will not end the smoldering civil war in Northern Ireland. What is needed there is an even-handed clamp-down on the godfathers of the paramilitary terrorists in both communities. Unless that happens soon, the drift toward general civil war, in the whole island of Ireland, may become irreversible.

So far, in the aftermath of Warrington and Castlerock, the responses of the whole political establishment were notable for their failure to address themselves to the primacy of security. From Northern Ireland Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew, from Irish Foreign Minister Dick Spring, from John Hume, leader of the SDLP (Social Democratic and Labour Party) constitutional nationalists, we had a combination of messages which has become nauseatingly familiar. Ritual condemnation of each atrocity is followed by the claim that each such deed "lends urgency" to the resumption of talks and to "the quest for a political solution in Northern Ireland."

Such statements represent a flight from the harsh reality of terrorism and the need to fight it here and now.

The dominant political wisdom, during more than twenty years of unrelenting terrorism, is that patient negotiations will eventually lead to a political solution, which in turn will "isolate the men of violence" and so render them harmless.

The Anglo-Irish Agreement of 1985 was supposed to have benign effects of this kind. It didn't. IRA violence became even more audacious and spectacular, and the Loyalists, feeling themselves betrayed, prepared for their own campaign of violence, which erupted last year.

Spiraling Violence

INDEED, the quest for a non-existent political solution in Northern Ireland actually stimulates the violence by playing on the conflicting hopes and fears in both communities.

The reality is that Northern Ireland is ruled directly from London, a state of affairs that is unlikely to change in the foreseeable future. It is not ideal but it is the only framework that both communities there find tolerable. Unionists don't care for it but far prefer it to any form of United Ireland. Nationalists don't care for it but far prefer it to any form of majority rule (i.e., by Unionists) in Northern Ireland.

But if direct rule is to be respected and not merely tolerated it has to discharge unflinchingly the most basic responsibility of any government—the protection of the lives and limbs of law-abiding citizens. That has to be done in a concrete way, by an adequate response to terrorism as it is committed. No realistic government can leave these matters to be attended to by some future arrangements, which are to be imagined as possibly resulting from long-bogged-down talks between present adversaries.

If Northern Ireland appears ungovernable, this is because different terrorist factions have manifested a greater will to control many parts of it than has Her Majesty's Government to

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Mr. O'Brien has just published The Great Melody: A Thematic Biography of Edmund Burke *(University of Chicago).*

take the responsibility which belongs to it, for the whole. And the anarchy which successive British and Irish governments—inadvertently and in different ways—have stimulated in Northern Ireland is now, inevitably, spreading more widely, as we saw in Warrington.

Time to Fight

YET terrorism can be fought, and the present time is especially propitious, if political leaders can only find the will.

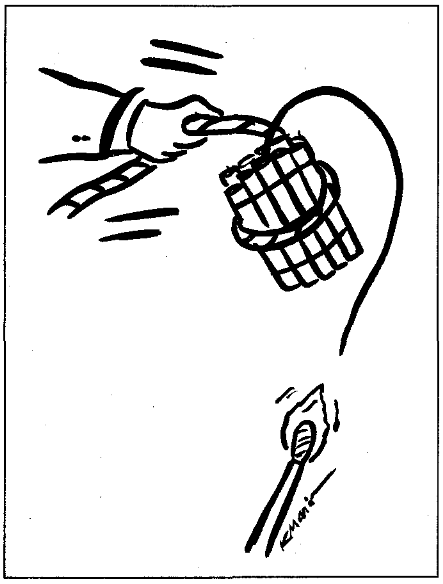
The best way of fighting it is by selective internment of the terrorist leaderships, both Nationalist and Loyalist, who intimidate their own communities, dominate them, and then use them as bases for murderous attacks on the other community.

It is of no use to try to reach these paramilitary godfathers through the courts. That has totally failed. Some of the rank-and-file are caught, occasionally, and a few are convicted. But evidence against the godfathers is always unobtainable. If these people are not interned they will remain at large, to plan future Warringtons and Castlerocks, in comfort and with impunity.

Politicians, flinching from a tough option, like to claim that internment has been tried and failed. In fact, it has worked more often than it has failed. It worked during the Second World War, when it was applied on both sides of the border. It worked again, on both sides of the border, when it defeated the IRA campaign of 1956–62, directed against Northern Ireland from bases in the Republic.

The one form of internment which didn't work was that introduced in 1972, in Northern Ireland only, and applied to large numbers of Catholics, and Catholics only. (Former Secretary of State for Defense Tom King, in a broadcast last week, acknowledged that internment in 1972 was disastrously mismanaged.) Inevitably this gave rise to Catholic mass protests, beginning in Northern Ireland, replicated in the Republic and then internationally, which led to the collapse of that particular botched enterprise, and to the apparent discredit of internment generally.

Today, the circumstances have radically changed. In 1972 the terrorist campaign, then in its second year, was based in the Catholic community, and claimed its victims from among the Protestants (as well as the British forces). Today, there are two terrorist campaigns, equally ferocious and indiscriminate, which between them hold the whole of Northern Ireland in fear, and can strike far beyond the borders of that province. There is every reason to believe that the great majority of people in Northern Ireland, in both communities, would rejoice to learn that both sets of godfathers were safely under lock and key.



Kate Marion

The terror would not end automatically, immediately, and totally with the internment of the present generation of godfathers. But if the terrorist campaigns are actually to be defeated, that will have to be done by a sustained and determined counter-terrorist effort.

John Major, in his statement after Warrington, expressed his determination to "hound down" those responsible for the murders of those children. I applauded the spirit of that statement, the most vigorous to have come from any member of the political establishment. Yet the implications may reach further than Mr. Major realizes.

The people who planted the bombs may perhaps be reached by efficient police measures. But those who planned the bombings, and are planning further ones, will not be reached without internment.

In this spirit we can welcome the new peace movement in the Irish Republic. If politicians in Dublin, and in London, could be persuaded that the best answer to this call for peace is selective internment on both sides of the border, there would be some real hope that we would not have to grieve again for children like Johnathan Ball and Tim Parry.

The most useful thing the U.S. can do about this matter is to back the even-handed implementation of strong security measures. The sending of a Peace Envoy would be a disaster. Both sides in Northern Ireland would see such a mission as a victory for the IRA, and the incipient civil war would heat up proportionately. ☐

Meet Your Surgeon General

LIFE AND DEATH IN ARKANSAS

Dr. Joycelyn Elders does not hide her contempt for those who prefer life to 'quality of life.'

FLOYD G. BROWN

IF there's one thing you can say about Dr. Joycelyn Elders, President Clinton's nominee for Surgeon General, it's that she doesn't discriminate. Since 1987, when she took over as director of the Arkansas Department of Health, she has addressed everything from the annual Arkansas AFL-CIO convention, to "One in Ten," a conference of lobbyists for a pro-gay school curriculum, to the hungry patrons of Don's Catfish Kitchen. She even takes her show out of state. For example, a 1991 article in the *Arkansas Gazette* noted that "from January 1 through April 30, the outspoken director attended 71 in-state and out-of-state functions. . . . 'She's out an average of three days a week . . . plus weekends,' said Tom Butler, the department deputy director who runs the agency on a day-to-day basis."

From this track record, we might get the idea that Dr. Elders, if she is confirmed, will not spend much time on the everyday work of the Surgeon General's office. Then again, that might be the good news. Not because she is incompetent—the 59-year-old Dr. Elders has the reputation of being one of the leading pediatric endocrinologists around. But because of her focus on every politically correct cause in her field, from contraceptives in the schools to taxpayer-funded abortion.

Dr. Elders makes no bones about favoring birth control and abortion on demand for teens. "I tell every girl that when she goes out on a date put a condom in her purse," she told *60 Minutes*. She has come out in favor of sex education as early as kindergarten and Medicaid payment for Norplant contraceptive implants, and she has endorsed the Freedom of Choice Act, which goes beyond *Roe* v. *Wade*. She has also described her opponents as having "slave-master mentalities." She told the *American Medical News*, "If Medicaid does not pay for abortions, does not pay for family planning, but pays for pre-natal care and delivery, that's saying 'I'll pay for you to have another good, healthy slave, but I won't pay for you to use your brain and make choices for yourself. . . . It's a way to keep people poor, ignorant, and enslaved. If you are poor and ignorant, you are a slave."

Her biggest project in Arkansas has been to push for school-based health clinics (SBCs). On the face of it, such clinics sound like a good idea: underprivileged children and teens might well need diagnostic services, nutritional advice, or drug counseling. But that is not the central goal of the SBC movement: birth control is.

Arkansas pro-family activists battled Dr. Elders for four years in the state legislature over whether the state would allow its SBCs to distribute contraceptives; at one point she referred to her critics as "very religious non-Christians." Arkansas conservatives thought they had won the battle with a 1991 amendment to the health budget that prohibited spending public money on contraceptives—but the prohibition applied only to *state* money, Governor Clinton explained after the bill had passed: Arkansas schools can distribute condoms bought with local or federal funds. There are now more than fifty SBCs in Arkansas, one for every six school districts. Local activists say at least ten of the clinics are dispensing contraceptives.

Her goal in all this, she often says, is to "stop children from having children," a problem caused, she told a

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Mr. Brown is chairman of Citizens United, author of Slick Willie: Why America Cannot Trust Bill Clinton, *and editor of the monthly newsletter,* ClintonWatch.

Small Company's New Golf Ball Flies Too Far; Could Obsolete Many Golf Courses

Pro Hits 400-Yard Tee Shots During Test Round

Want To Shoot An Eagle or Two ?

By Mike Henson

MERIDEN, CT – A small golf company in Connecticut has created a new, super ball that flies like a U-2, putts with the steady roll of a cue ball and bites the green on approach shots like a dropped cat. But don't look for it on weekend TV. Long-hitting pros could make a joke out of some of golf's finest courses with it. One pro who tested the ball drove it 400 yards, reaching the green on all but the longest par-fours. Scientific tests by an independent lab using a hitting machine prove the ball out-distances major brands dramatically.

The ball's extraordinary distance comes partly from a revolutionary new dimple design that keeps the ball aloft longer. But there's also a secret change in the core that makes it rise faster off the clubhead. Another change reduces air drag. The result is a ball that gains altitude quickly, then sails like a glider. None of the changes is noticeable in the ball itself.

Despite this extraordinary performance the company has a problem. A spokesman put it this way: "In golf you need endorsements and TV publicity. This is what gets you in the pro shops and stores where 95% of all golf products are sold. Unless the pros use your ball on TV, you're virtually locked out of these outlets. TV advertising is to expensive to buy on your own, at least for us.

"Now, you've seen how far this ball can fly. Can you imagine a pro using it on TV and eagle-ing par-fours? It would turn the course into a par-three, and real men don't play par-three's. This new fly-power forces us to sell it without relying on pros or pro-shops. One way is to sell it direct from our plant. That way we can keep the name printed on the ball a secret that only a buyer would know. There's more to golf than tournaments, you know."

The company guarantees a golfer a prompt refund if the new ball doesn't cut five to ten strokes off his or her average score. Simply return the balls–new or used–to the address below. "No one else would dare do that," boasted the company's director.

If you would like an eagle or two, here's your best chance yet. Write your name and address and "Code Name S" (the ball's R&D name) on a piece of paper and send it along with a check (or your credit card number and expiration date) to National Golf Center (Dept. S-388), 500 S. Broad St., Meriden, CT 06450. Or phone 1-800-285-3900 anytime. No P.O. boxes. One dozen "S" balls cost $24.95 (plus $3.50 shipping & handling), two to five dozen are only $22.00 each, six dozen are only $109.00. You save $55.70 ordering six. Shipping is free on two or more dozen. Specify white or Hi-Vision yellow.

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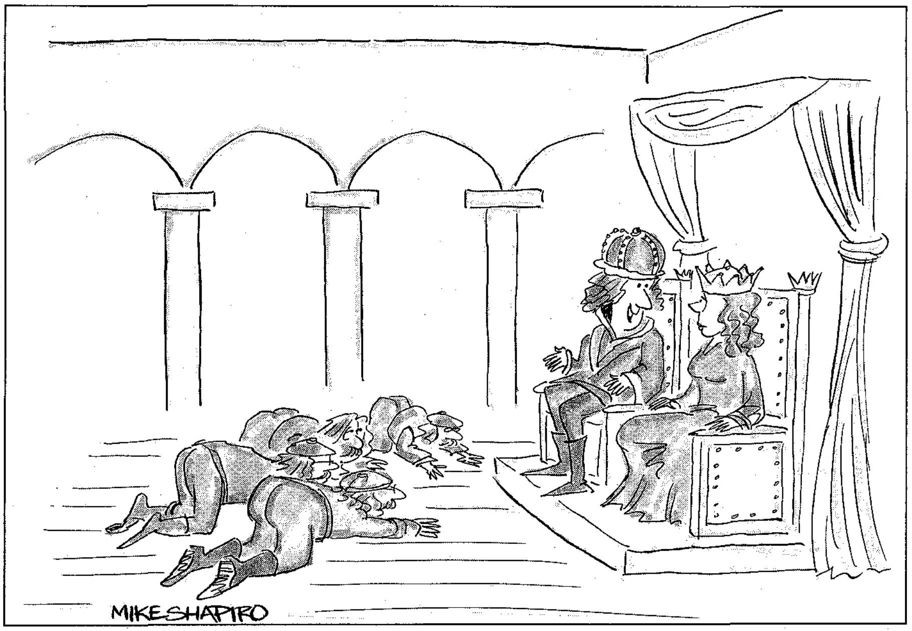

"I'm feeling pretty good about myself right now."

gay/lesbian newspaper, by "poverty and ignorance and the Bible-Belt mentality." But in the early Eighties, before Dr. Elders took over, Arkansas's high teen-pregnancy rate dropped 10 per cent. Then, during her tenure, the rate rose by 17 per cent. Perhaps this should not come as a surprise: a number of studies published in *Family Planning Perspectives*, an academic journal which is generally pro-birth-control, show that teen-pregnancy rates actually rise in the presence of programs such as SBCs, presumably because their unintended effect is to encourage teens to become more sexually active, and at an earlier age. (Syphilis cases have also multiplied recently, again after a drop in the early Eighties.) Nonetheless, Mr. Clinton introduced Dr. Elders as one who would implement "aggressive efforts" to "reduce teenage pregnancy."

Orwellian Numbers

THESE numbers don't seem to have worked their way into Dr. Elders's consciousness, though she likes to throw statistics around. She has claimed, on *MacNeil/Lehrer*, that 60 per cent of American children are "unplanned and unwanted"; she could not defend the number when challenged—but still uses it.

Not all her statistics are bogus—but some of the uses she puts them to are worse than bogus. In her Senate testimony on behalf of the Freedom of Choice Act, she noted that "Abortion was the single most important factor in the significant decrease in neonatal mortality between 1964 and 1977; abortion was responsible for a reduction of 1.5 neo-natal deaths per 1,000 live births among whites and 2.5 per 1,000 live births among blacks." Hmm. Kill babies to stop them from dying.

But, as she says, "It's a matter of what you call living." At a January 1992 rally in favor of amending the state constitution to guarantee abortion rights, she told the crowd: "I call living a child that's healthy, educated, motivated, and has hope. I don't call children that are hungry, I don't call children that are homeless living. I don't call it living when you have pain and no health insurance. I don't call it living when you're a member of the hugless club. I don't call it living when you have no hope. We need to start looking at the *quality* of life."

After the rally, she added, "We would like for the right-to-life, anti-choice groups to really get over their love affair with the fetus and start supporting the children."

In addition to her problems with numbers and the radical ideas that flow out through her (Jesse) Jacksonian rhetoric, Joycelyn Elders has real ethical problems. That "quality of life" speech, for example, was an apparent violation of the Arkansas Political Practices Act, which forbids state employees from soliciting signatures on state grounds.

Dr. Elders is also one of five former directors of the National Bank of Arkansas being sued for alleged malfeasances said to have cost the bank $1.5 million. She is alleged to have repeatedly given new loans to a businessman who was already in default on older loans, eventually with a loss of over $1 million. To cover that loss, it is charged, she then broke federal law by approving a loan to an S&L in Illinois which, in turn, was to loan the money to the same man. Also, she and the other directors voted to give themselves each a $230,000 unsecured line of credit, an act that smacks of Charles Keating. And like Keating, Dr. Elders will get her day in federal court, beginning on August 23.

Then there's the tale, hilarious if it weren't so gruesome, of Dr. Fahmy Malak. Dr. Malak became a state medical examiner in 1979. By the mid Eighties, his autopsies were increasingly being called into question. In at least three cases, his findings were overruled by special juries; even one such reversal is virtually unheard of for an ME. In addition, Jim Clark—appointed by Governor Clinton to head the state crime lab—recalls that Dr. Malak was challenged by other pathologists (many of them medical examiners in other jurisdictions) at least 17 times in five years, and a crime-lab photographer reports that Malak on several occasions ordered him to manipulate photographs to create evidence. Quincy he's not.

Joycelyn Elders's first involvement with Malak was in 1988 when, as chairman of the Medical Examiner Commission, she helped exonerate him of charges of incompetence—and recommended him for a raise. In 1991, when Malak's competence was called into question again, Dr. Elders told the papers she did not really feel the commission was competent to review Dr. Malak's work. In September of that year she hired him to head the Health Department's AIDS program—three days before a new supervisory body was expected to fire him. Not only did Malak seem unqualified for the job (he had not worked with living patients since at least 1978), but Dr. Elders also violated a departmental freeze to hire him.

Although top aides to Governor Clinton were present at the conference at which Dr. Malak was hired, Dr. Elders told the *Arkansas Gazette* she wasn't pressured to hire him and even added, "It's almost like the heavens opened up and dropped him on me."

Why were Dr. Elders and the Governor's Office so anxious to give Fahmy Malak a parachute? Governor Clinton claimed to be trying to avoid a lawsuit; others speculated that he was simply clearing the decks for his presidential campaign. But some point to another questionable ruling Dr. Malak made. In 1981, he declined to investigate charges that a nurse-anesthetist had failed to move a breathing tube from a patient's nose to her throat as repeatedly ordered, resulting in the patient's death. The anesthetist was Virginia Dwire, Bill Clinton's mother. Dr. Malak claimed not to have known this when he cleared her, though an aide claims he told Malak who the nurse-anesthetist was when he delivered the corpse to him.

Senate Republicans have let some outrageous Clinton nominees pass without much trouble, from lobbyist extraordinaire Ron Brown to Donna Shalala, the Queen of Political Correctness. But they might take a closer look at Joycelyn Elders, a prospective Surgeon General for whom "quality of life" means more than life itself. □

A Remembrance of Values Past

RECLAIMING HOLLYWOOD

Conservatives who want to retake Hollywood must start by finding out what makes it tick.

LIONEL CHETWYND

PITY THE POOR movie fan who hoped to get from this year's Oscarcast a few hours' respite from hard times. The presenters and recipients left much parapolitical litter beind: Richard Gere offered advice on foreign policy (a massive mind-meld with Premier Deng Xiaoping), the Sarandon–Robbinses addressed immigration and health care (admit HIV-positives to the United States), and the winner of a documentary award reminded us to be vigilant of our own criminal government. Certain show-biz celebs, it seems, feel obliged to inform us regularly of what

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Mr. Chetwynd is an Oscar-nominated film-maker whose credits include writing and directing The Hanoi Hilton.

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we must do to improve this world which we are so fortunate as to share with them. This, while at the same time bombarding us with a product that is usually violent or misogynistic or guilty of stereotyping, or any number of other grave sins that liberals consider exclusive conservative turf.

Small wonder, then, that in the desperate search for a magic bullet that will, overnight, rid America of all the social ills that clutter our lives and sidewalks, there are those who see Hollywood as the source—or so their righteous indignation tells them—of the liberal ringworm burrowing into the skull of a placid nation and leaving only madness and boldness in its wake. Would that it were so simple; I'm as partial as the next man to instant fixes that leave a minimum of blood on the pillow. But like all simplicities familiar on the Right or the Left (and both extremes hate Hollywood), it is based on a fundamental misunderstanding. For conservatives, the challenge lies not in silencing Hollywood but in reclaiming it and returning it to its roots. And that need not be as difficult as it seems.

Undoubtedly, there is a liberal side to Hollywood, and I have no better example of this than an anecdote from personal experience. (In Hollywood, personal anecdotes are extremely important currency; they enable the teller to create the impression that he/she/it is perpetually at the center of gravity. For example, a good anecdote would involve the teller dining with an important executive at a really hot restaurant. This said, on to my anecdote.) It took place at Spago, over dinner with a studio head. It was shortly after the opening of *The Hanoi Hilton* and I was engaged in a very vigorous defense of the military and the people who serve. I told the story of the Canadians at Dieppe in 1942. The Allies were being pressed by Joe Stalin to open a Second Front. Their first question was whether such a front could be opened through a raid on a fortified port or whether it would require a broad beachhead along an extended coastline. The answer could only be supplied by trying a raid on a fortified port. The Canadians were chosen for the job. The planners knew that if they were to approximate the real thing, they'd have to assume that the operation would not escape German Intelligence. And so, they took the men on the ships, briefed them down to the last private—destination, mission, the works—then gave them two weeks' pay and 48 hours' leave. This would guarantee enough loose lips to ensure German readiness. The fascinating thing was that on the Sunday night, not one man failed to report.

There could be no doubt the soldiers knew what was in store, but, as one Dieppe survivor told me many years later, "For us there could be no future if it meant living under Nazism; for us, the question was not why we live, but for what we must be prepared to die. So we all showed up. It was a matter of duty. Of honor. Of love of home and family. And freedom." Four thousand two hundred men embarked for that August 1942 raid; only a couple of hundred would return. It was a bloody sacrifice that led directly to the decision to land at Normandy and, in due course, the liberation of Europe. The studio head was deeply moved by the telling of this heroism, leaving his smoked-salmon pizza almost untouched. He insisted I come in and pitch his development people.

And so a short time later I found myself telling the story to some recently graduated collegians. I was in great form, and by the time I was done, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. In a broken voice the senior development person commiserated: "Wow! So our bloodthirsty generals knowingly sent these poor men to their death!"

"Well," I replied, "hardly bloodthirsty. Generals Mountbatten and Crerar grieved at the loss, wept openly."

She was deeply puzzled. "But if the generals really cared, then who's the enemy?"

It seemed obvious to me. "Hitler. The Nazis."

"No, no, no!" was the impatient response. "I mean the *real* enemy!"

And that is what we mean when we say Hollywood is unbearably liberal.

The New Robber Barons?

BUT reflexive liberalism is only half the story. If you're looking for pure unbridled laissez-faire, come to Hollywood. There are no rules. There are no regulations. You come to succeed, to achieve, to get to the top of the heap. I suspect that even Linda Bloodworth-Thomason's faith in the overwhelming benefits of overwhelmingly large government ends at the studio security gate. The Hollywood economy is oiled by the kind of social Darwinism that liberals like to associate with the robber barons of old.

So the liberal cant and the ruthless nimbyism coexist quite happily, often in the same person. To understand how this happens with such ease, one must see Hollywood as a dynamic force that exists over time. And as with all living organisms, the adult is very much defined by the memories of the child.

The people who built Hollywood did so out of necessity. They were immigrants, and, despite flights of fancy such as a slender volume entitled *An Empire of Their Own: How the Jews Invented Hollywood*, the word immigrant means more than simply "Jews." The names Minnelli, Capra, Skouras, Zanuck, O'Brian, Loach, and Sennet are just as evident as Cohn, Warner, and Thalberg.

Why were the movies such a magnet to these immigrants? Because not only could they not own a bank or a steel mill or an automobile factory; they couldn't even be employed to wash the toilets or sweep the floors in the ones the earlier immigrants now owned. Irish need not apply, Italians smelled of garlic, and Jews really weren't people. So they came as far west as they possibly could to build an industry of their own.

But they never stopped thinking of themselves as fringe players, and this is best demonstrated by Hollywood's initial reaction to the technological achievement of synchronized sound.

In an industry of immigrants, most moguls were the first in their family to speak English. They made their movies silent because silent, low-context films were easily understood to audiences that spoke a Babel of tongues. As they saw it, people who *really* spoke English would go uptown to vaudeville or even the legit theater. Their world-view taught that a specific language in the movies would drive away their basic audience—new Americans like themselves.

Imagine their shock when mile-long lines formed in Times Square to hear Jolson promise, "You ain't heard nothing yet!" Within two years, these former outcasts were at the center of gravity of the new mass culture. Suddenly, millions of their fellow Americans, even members of the DAR and the Mayflower Society, couldn't get enough of Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor and Ruby Keeler.

For the first time, these people belonged. Presidents sought them out. Press barons fawned over them. They belonged.

This was proof positive that America *was* the promised land, that its notion of individual liberty, of equality, did exist after all. And they became superpatriots. They told the world just how marvelous America was.

In modern political terms, their message was about as conservative as you can get.

So what went wrong?

Two little words: The Blacklist.

The witch hunts made the Hollywood community prisoners of the very image that they sold of America. To vary from the received wisdom of the most traditional of middle-class values left you wide open to the Dies Committee, HUAC, McCarthy—*and anyone else who wanted to do you in.*

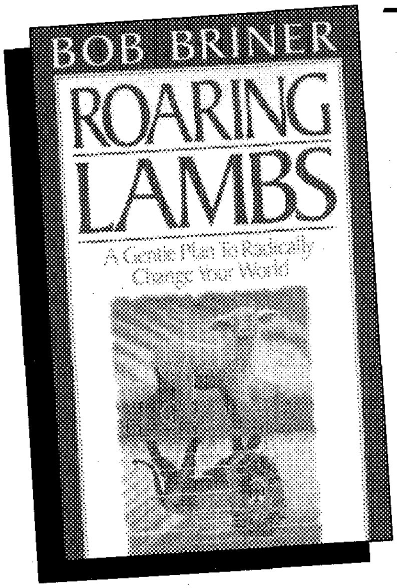
This last is of vital importance, because it underlies the bitterest memories of that period. Like the French during the Nazi occupation, our greatest enemies were ourselves. This is not to say that cowardly studio bosses weren't implicated in the blame (they were) nor to suggest that cheap politicians didn't stuff their ambition with the corpses of the innocent (they did) but simply to place a fair share of the blame for the hatred that remains from that time where it belongs: on the shoulders of those whose remembrances are the most pious. There is a letter from Carl Foreman, arguably the greatest martyr of the Blacklist, to Bosley Crowther, distinguished critic of the *New York Times*, on the occasion of Crowther's review of Carl's remarkable film, *High Noon*. In the letter, Foreman makes it abundantly clear that during his darkest moments before the committee he was supported 100 per cent by the conservative Republican who financed the movie and by Gary Cooper—the only person to come to him in public, put his arm around Carl's shoulder, and say, "We're all with you, kid." As the letter makes clear, it wasn't the usual suspects who left Carl Foreman lonely and shunned; his pain arose at being publicly deserted by none other than his business partner (and great liberal) Stanley Kramer. Being persecuted by your greedy boss or a vicious politico is one thing; to be destroyed by your colleague, partner, and voluble hawker of liberal/left bromides was something else again. Thus, the real horror of the Blacklist was the revelation that the town had attracted such a band of succeed-at-any-cost, self-absorbed egomaniacs that the guy who stood by you on the picket line yesterday would today sell you down the river for your shares in the company.

But it was inevitable that a few people would be different. First there emerged the Hollywood Ten, then The Seventeen, and for the first time we had a group of people apparently willing to sacrifice career for political principle. Whatever some might think of the politics of Foreman, Polonski, Trumbull, and the like, they left an indelible scar on the conscience of the industry. They gave up the brass ring because it hurt their spirit.

Eventually, it all died down. By the late Fifties one could profess any credo and suffer no consequences. So of course, all those who were left breathed a great sigh of relief and assured one another that they had been stalwart in their solidarity with the victims. Yes, they intoned, they were one with that small band of men and women who had shown concern for something other than their name above the title or the size of the marquee. They *too* would gladly have sacrificed had it been their lot.

"BOUND TO ARREST ATTENTION..."

—*William F. Buckley, Jr.*



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—*Bill Moyers*

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In the vast generality of cases, that was a crock. But it became the material of which careers were made. Because as newcomers arrived and looked around to see how the wind blew, the aroma was unmistakable. It has been ever thus. You didn't leave Gaul for Rome to sell beef jerky at the Colosseum, you went to ingratiate yourself with Caesar. So you told Augustus what he wanted to hear. And you didn't come to Hollywood to be a waiter, you came to be a star. So you carefully repeated, "And by the way, had I been in Hollywood in the Fifties, I would *never* have named names!"

Yeah. Right. But all that remains today is the sure and certain knowledge that if you want to make it, don't complain to Caesar about the sewers in North Rome. Just follow the cant.

And it's the following of that cant that gives Hollywood its monolithic appearance. Sure, everyone looks like an incredible liberal. Who has time to question bedrock attitudes when all they want is a role, a script assignment, a production job? So yeah, of course I *looooove* Barbara Boxer! And say, do you know the person casting the new Susan Sarandon flick?

The Good News

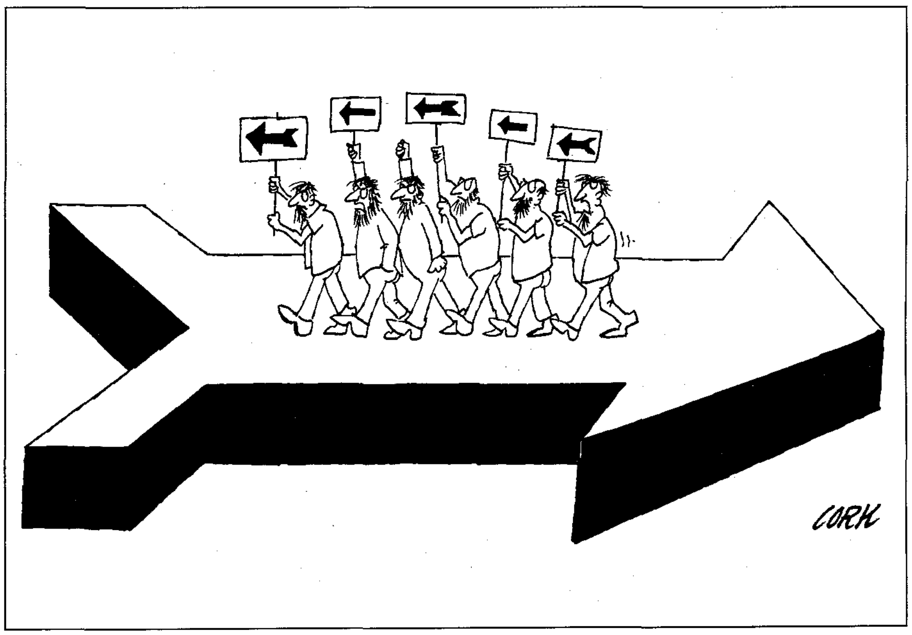
IT'S ALL CANT. And that's the good news. Because in the vast majority of cases all this political conviction is about a half an inch thick.

Like Gaul, Hollywood politics are divided into three parts. The first are the true left-liberals. There aren't that many of them, but they're deeply committed, generally very smart (remember the Darwinism), and they know what's going on. I'd say they number less than 10 per cent of the whole.

Next are the conservatives. Regular readers of this journal no doubt think they can name them. But they're wrong. While it's true that uncloseted conservatives could probably have a mass rally in a phone booth, there's a large sleeping block who keep their own quiet counsel. It would be fun to "out" them, pin red-white-and-blue squares on them, but conservatives have too much respect for other people's privacy to play that game. We have to rely on David Horowitz and his American Forum to coax us out into the sunlight of our own volition.

Finally, there are the canting liberals, the careerists whose views are a function of their simple self-interest and ambition. These people we can talk to. Because whatever they have to say to please the community at large, they are deeply worried about America. They suffer from angst over taxes, foreign ownership, how to make the welfare system improve rather than worsen the lot of the poor, why they have to send their kids to expensive private schools, and what the hell is a municipal ballot in 26 languages all about anyhow!?

How do we pry them loose from yesterday's orthodoxies, allow them the exquisite relief of being honest about what they believe, and marshal their energies in the search for solutions that work? Two ways.



First, stop making them so important. Remember that the Fifties kids who ate a regular Hollywood diet of *Beach Blanket Bingo*, *Susan Slept Here*, and *Leave it to Beaver* later poured into the streets to smoke dope and do it in the road. And remember that no one was more detested by the Hollywood elite than Ronald Reagan. When I joined Steve Dart as co-chair of the Arts and Entertainment Committee for Reagan–Bush in 1980, people spat at me. That's not picturesque prose. *I mean people spat at me.* You had to be here to know how deeply the Apostate Reagan was hated.

And he took the nation's Presidency twice. By landslides. So while Hollywood may be important, all is not lost if it stands against you.

Which brings us to point two, those who believe that had it not been for Hollywood, Hillary and Bill wouldn't be in the White House. Beyond the perceived "gridlock," there was an ideological vacuum in the country last fall, and all bodies politic abhor such things. When we allow it to exist, there will be any number of volunteers to fill it. Hollywood is among the least likely to succeed. By and large, Americans are smart enough to separate fact from fantasy. Anyone who casts his vote as directed by a show-biz celeb lacks the intellectual resources necessary to understand anything more complicated than liberal cant anyway.

All one needs to dilute the influence of the popular culture is a clearly articulated vision of where America should be headed. Lead the people and Hollywood will follow. As Robespierre replied when Marat asked why he was chasing an angry mob, "I have to. I'm their leader."

As hard as it might sound, our leaders will just have to go over the heads of the Hollywood gentry and speak directly to the American people. Demonstrate the difference between the world as seen through the eyes of a sitcom producer and the reality of daily life, and the American people will get the point. Face our social problems honestly, provide a vision of a great country and the political will to accomplish it, and you will be amazed at how quickly Hollywood shifts gears and gets back to the business of entertainment.

And then people like Mrs. Bloodworth-Thomason (and myself) will be consigned to the obscurity we so richly deserve. ☐

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

April 1, 1993

Dear Rusty,

Talk about an exciting two weeks! The budget package sailed through. Yeltsin was nearly ousted. I chaired the first meeting of the Health Care Task Force. The Timber Summit is finally becoming a reality. I've been on a "high" for ten days. I've been trying to contain my excitement in public, but you know me: my face always gives me away.

Things started out terrifically last Monday, and then they kept getting better. I let HRC know the Timber Summit was arranged, set, and fully planned. Boy, did she look shocked. "Already?" she asked. "I thought it would take you longer. At least until after the Health Care Reform Act."

"No, no," I told her. "It's all set." To be totally honest, Rusty, I liked catching her off guard. But I also felt pretty guilty. I mean, here I was getting all the glory, impressing the heck out of HRC, and the truth is, Tipper took over the whole project last month.

We were out to dinner with Bill and HRC—just the four of us, at one of our favorite South American places. You ate there once with us, do you remember? It was a few days after we first met in my Senate office, when you came by to lobby for increased rain-forest research money. At dinner, I asked you if I could do some research on the Orinoco with you. Tipper turned red, came down with that horrendous coughing fit, and I had to drive her home.

Well, it was in that very booth that we sat with Bill and HRC. The four of us had a great time. It was like being on the campaign all over again. Me and Bill making jokes, clapping each other on the back, and HRC and Tipper studying the menus quietly.

Of course, by the time the salads arrived, the Timber Summit had come up. I had about ten napkins covered with graphs, diagrams, maps, and sketches, and I was explaining to Bill the different ways the timber industry can be regulated so that only 37,000 jobs are lost (but not to Mexico!), and he had that heavy-lidded look he gets when he's concentrating really hard. Tipper and HRC were quietly reading the No Smoking sign when HRC turned to Tipper and said, "Al's working so hard on that Timber Summit. I'm sure he'll be relieved when we go to Vancouver to meet Yeltsin. That'll give him a few days here, alone, without interruptions." Tipper kind of coughed, but she quickly swallowed some water and was okay.

As soon as the first course arrived, I put away the napkins, and the conversation kind of stopped while Bill ate. But as soon as they had cleared the dessert plates, we picked right up again, just talking and laughing like the very close friends we are. I pointed out that the restaurant has a booth way in the back, behind a couple of plants, totally out of view. Bill seemed pretty interested in it. Tipper and I celebrated our most recent wedding anniversary in that back booth. I nudged Bill. "That's where you can have a very private, very romantic dinner." Just then HRC was overcome with a pretty major coughing fit, and we left. You know what I think? I think it's the paella.

At home, I was getting into my pajamas when Tipper asked me, out of the blue, "Al, where's that Timber Summit supposed to take place?" "In the Northwest," I told her. "Near Vancouver?" she asked. "Pretty close," I replied.

She looked away for a moment, lost in thought. Then she looked at me steadily. "Al," she said, "I'm going to organize that Timber Summit for you."

And she did! What a woman!

So there I was, claiming credit for the Timber Summit, and feeling—can I be honest?—feeling terrific. I'm getting jaded, Rusty. They call it "Potomac fever." Maybe it's time I spent a few weeks with you in the rain forest, sleeping in that tent with the big hole in the top so that you can gaze at the stars through all the mosquitoes. What did you call it? Oh yeah—"the senator's tent." Boy, we had some good times together. I really miss you, Rusty. Next to Bill, you're one of my closest friends.

Tipper set the date for the Timber Summit for the day before Bill and HRC meet with Yeltsin. At first I was against it, because I didn't think that we should be holding two such important events so close together. No need to steal our own thunder. But then Tipper explained that Bill and I could go in the same plane, thus saving a lot—I mean, a lot—of fuel, and well, I mean that just makes so much sense. And I could just tag along with Bill and HRC and the three of us could meet with Yeltsin.

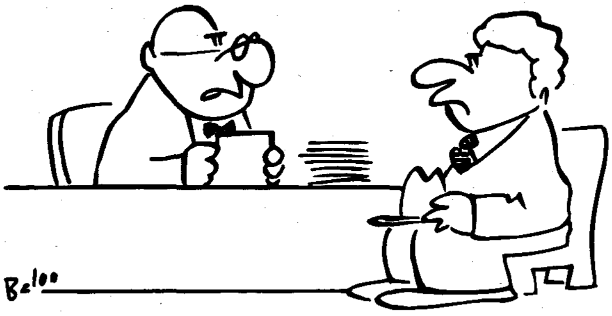
Everybody was thrilled with that plan except HRC, who had a hard time believing the Summit (Timber, not Yeltsin) had been organized so quickly. I could tell she was a little suspicious when she turned to me at a meeting and said, "So did your wife do this?" I think she's worried that I won't have enough to do.

She had a brainstorm. She put me in charge of the very high-profile National Performance Review Board. Our job is to review every single government agency, program, bureau, and department, to ferret out waste and abuse, and to remodel each for efficiency and productivity. It's a terrific challenge, and I'll get a lot of good publicity. HRC has been very generous. She's even given me a six-month deadline. That's enough time, don't you think?

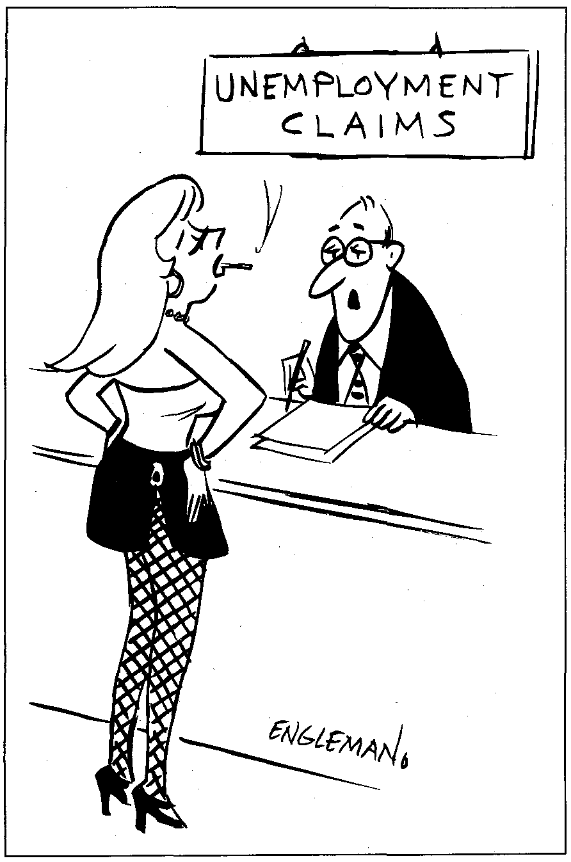
Write soon, Al

help!!!!

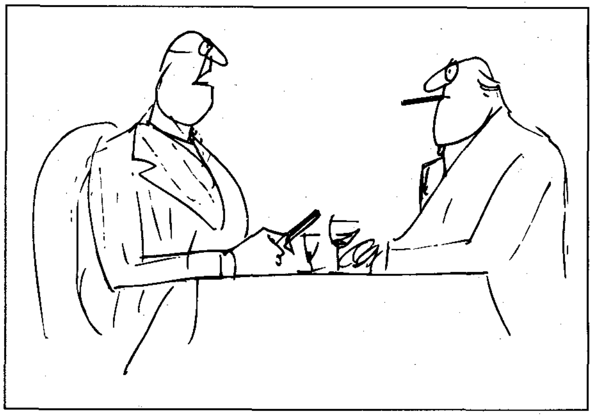
IRS



"I don't care how much money you sent him—you can't take Oral Roberts as a dependent."


UNEMPLOYMENT CLAIMS
ENGLEMAN

"Er, just how did the military base closing put you out of work?"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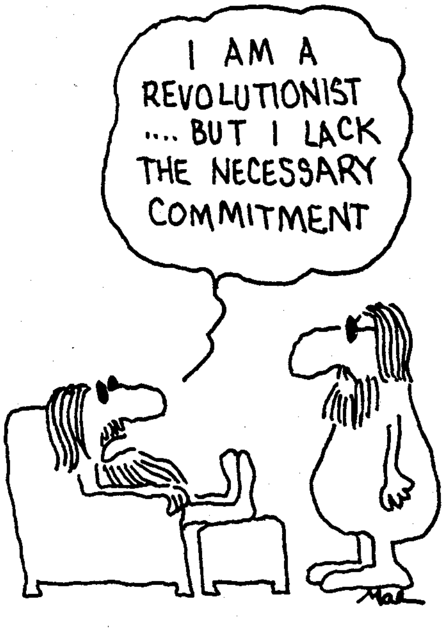
"My trouble is—I'm too damned honest!"

Building Up/Building Down

As the Russians, who've never rebuffed
A King John (who was told to get stuffed),
  Drop a tear for the time
  Uncle Joe defined crime,
Uncle Sam's being shackled and cuffed.

W. H. VON DREELE


I AM A REVOLUTIONIST .... BUT I LACK THE NECESSARY COMMITMENT
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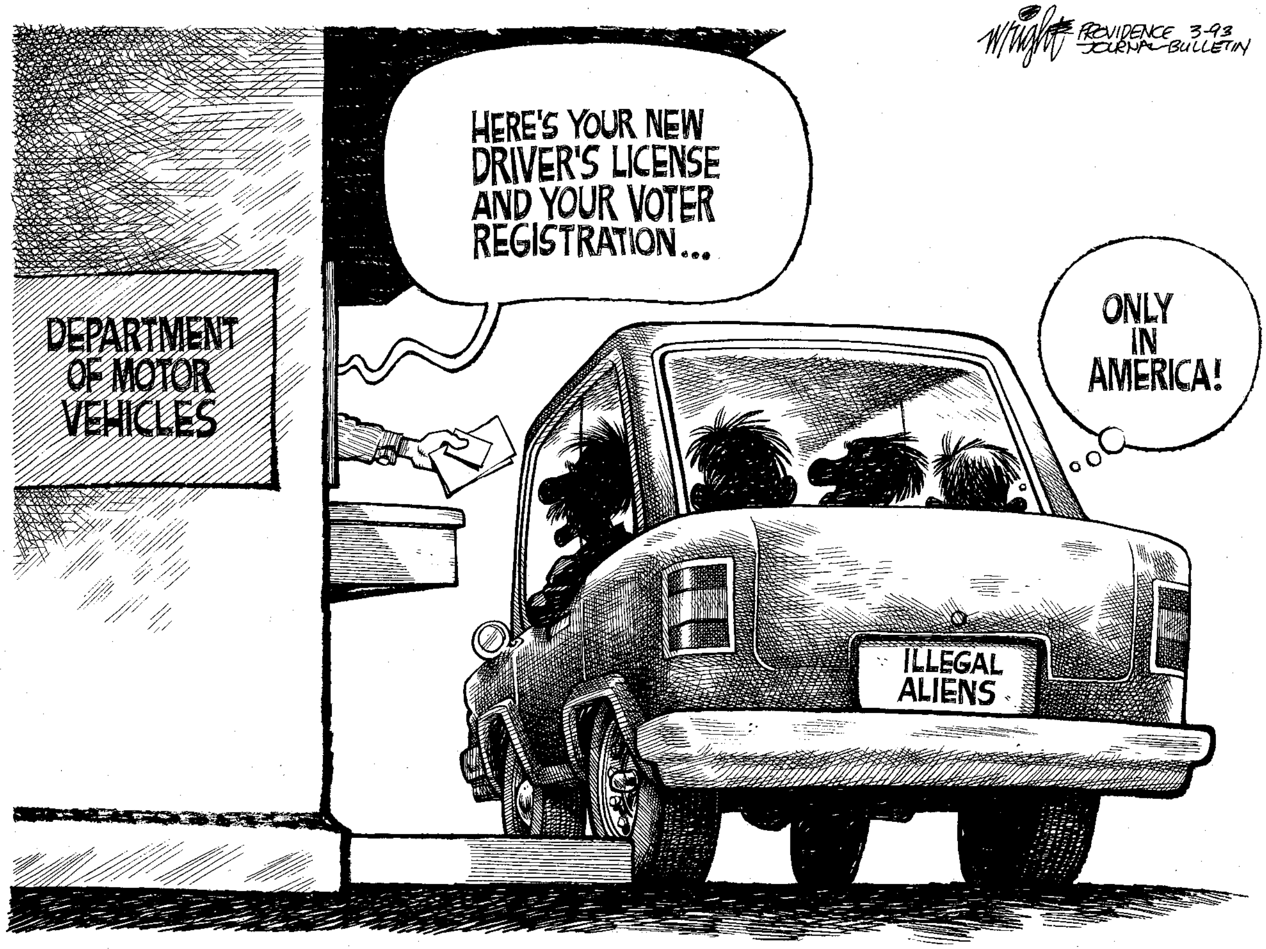
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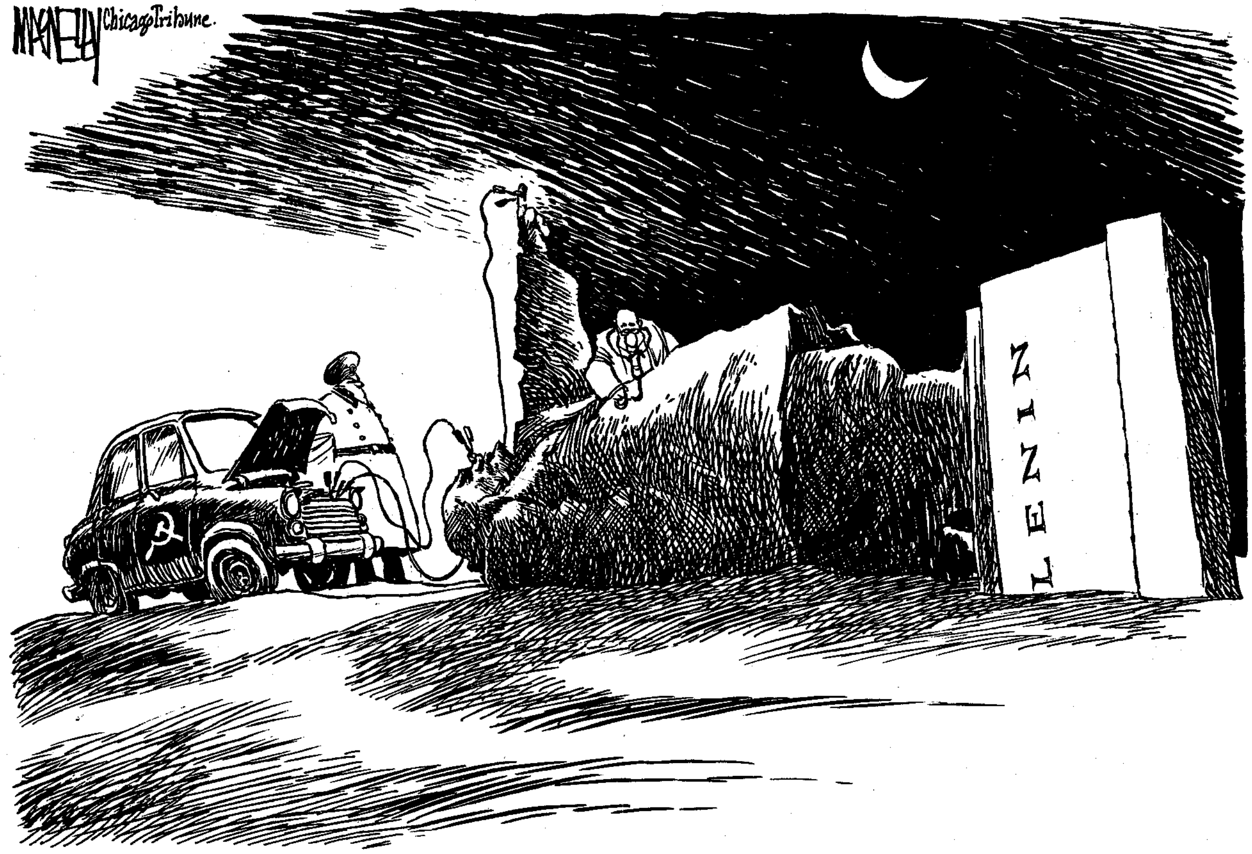

MacNelly Chicago Tribune.
LENIN

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Imperial Masquerade

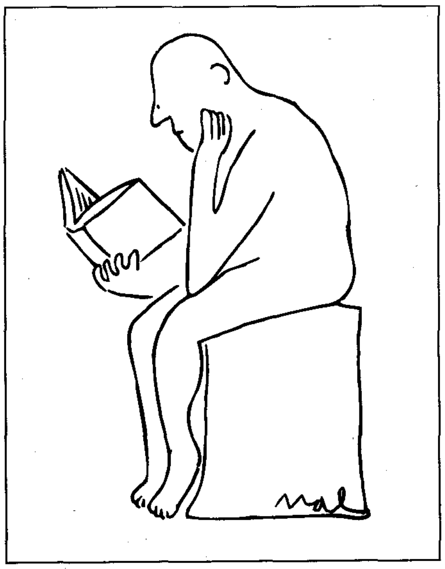
J. B. KELLY

IN the beginning was the word. *Impérialisme* was coined 150 years ago, during the period of the July Monarchy in France, as a label for the attempts being made within the country to reclaim Napoleonic ideas and to reimpose the former imperial system. Passing into English as "imperialism," it was employed by British political writers in the 1850s and 1860s to describe the principles, imperial rather than republican, upon which Louis Napoléon sought to organize the government of France after he assumed the title of Emperor in 1852. The word had no connection at the time with what was later to be known as "the British Empire." Indeed, even so scathing a critic of Britain's acquisition of overseas territories as Richard Cobden never employed the word in his diatribes against imperial rule.

Only in the last quarter of the century did "imperialism" come into use to denote, usually with a degree of disapprobation, the process of imperial expansion. It was used by the Liberal leader William Gladstone in the aftermath of the Eastern Crisis of 1877–78 to condemn the conduct of the Tory prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli, in moving the British fleet to the Dardanelles, dispatching Indian troops to Malta, and annexing Cyprus. Gladstone was not opposed to the existence of the British Empire but rather, as he explained at the time, to its extension by armed conquest and its maintenance by military force, a system he termed "imperialism." Four years later, of course, he occupied Egypt. The word was also used in British political circles by critics of the Second Afghan War (1878–79) and of the Zulu War, which took place at the same time. Once introduced into the sphere of African affairs, the word spread and flourished over the next twenty years during what came to be known as "the Scramble for Africa."

Culture and Imperialism, by Edward W. Said (Knopf, 380 pp., $25)

Since that day it has undergone countless changes of meaning in everyday usage, largely under the influence of Marxist–Leninist dogma. Not only has "imperialist" supplanted "imperial" as the adjective normally derived from "empire" but it has proceeded through a series of mutations, each more outlandish than its predecessor, until now it is no more than a husk of a word into which anyone may cram whatever tortured meaning he cares to. So it is with Edward W. Said, who in his new book subsumes under the heading "imperialism" virtually every contact Europe has had with the outside world since the eighteenth century. Not being an historian, he obviously feels himself absolved from any obligation to respect the imperatives of historical scholarship, and free to prosecute the Western world at will for the crimes he says it has committed against the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.



Culture and Imperialism continues and broadens the attack Said launched a dozen or so years ago in *Orientalism*, which argued that the very study of the Middle East by Western scholars was an imperialist act, for it furthered the aims of imperial powers and contributed to Western perceptions of the Arabs as inferior and of Islamic culture as second-rate. Now he argues, more ambitiously, that not only did the West lay Africa and most of Asia under the imperialist yoke, but it also forced its culture, especially its literary culture, upon the African and Asian peoples, at the same time deriding or denigrating their indigenous cultures. However, as opposition to imperial rule grew, eventually finding expression in nationalist struggles for independence, a literature of resistance and liberation developed among the native intelligentsia and their sympathizers in the West, which ultimately neutralized the pernicious influence of imperialist literature and paved the way for the downfall of European dominion in Asia and Africa.

At least this is what I understand Said's thesis to be. His writing is so diffuse, obscure, and overwrought that it is difficult to make out what it is he is trying to say—even though he repeats himself *ad infinitum* throughout the book. Take, for instance, this passage, on British histories of India.

> Whereas these official versions of history try to do this for identitarian authority (to use Adornian terms)—the caliphate, the state, the orthodox clerisy, the Establishment—the disenchantments, the disputatious and systematically skeptical investigations in the innovative work I have cited submit these composite, hybrid identities to a negative dialectic which dissolves them into variously constructed components. What matters a great deal more than the stable identity kept current in official discourse is the contestatory force of an interpretative method whose material is the disparate, but intertwined and interdependent, and above all overlapping streams of historical experience.

There are interminable acres of prose like this—muddled, inflated, impenetrable—which testify to nothing more than the author's awesome capacity for self-indulgence.

Mr. Kelly's Britain and the Persian Gulf, 1795–1880, *has been reissued by Oxford.*

According to Said, the English novel was "immensely important" in the formation of imperial attitudes. "The novel, as a cultural artifact of bourgeois society, and imperialism are unthinkable without each other." A dubious proposition at best; but let it go. He chooses four novelists whose work for him embodies and promotes the ideas current in their day about the British Empire—Conrad, Kipling, Jane Austen, and Dickens. Conrad and Kipling one can understand, especially as they knew the East at first hand. But Austen and Dickens? It seems that by casually referring to Antigua in *Mansfield Park* Austen revealed that she had the empire in the back of her mind most of the time, that she was nevertheless indifferent to the condition of the subject peoples ("in *Mansfield Park* [she] sublimates the agonies of Caribbean existence to a mere half dozen passing references to Antigua"), and that she dodged facing up to her true responsibility to denounce imperialism and all its works.

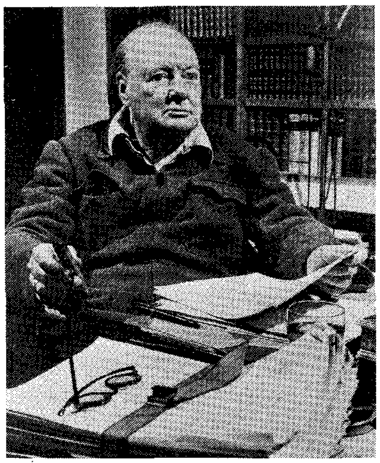
Dickens in *Great Expectations* sent the convict Magwitch off to Australia, apparently a dreadful place unfit for decent Englishmen, which showed that Dickens knew a thing or two about what it felt like to be a despised colonial lad. Conrad, of course, as evidenced by the sentiments he expressed in *Nostromo*, *Lord Jim*, and *Heart of Darkness*, was a hopeless case, handicapped by "crucial limitations in vision," imbued with the "paternalistic arrogance of imperialism," and willfully blind to the existence of Africa's native culture. Kipling, surprisingly, is let off fairly lightly: although irredeemably tainted with the sin of imperialism, at least he knew India intimately and wrote about its people with sympathy.

To Said the *mission civilisatrice* of Britain and France in Asia and Africa was little more than a fraud. It conferred no benefits upon the native peoples but resulted only in "the murder, subversion and endless instability of 'primitive' societies." The eminent social anthropologist Ernest Gellner, of Cambridge University, has already exposed at length in the *Times Literary Supplement* the errors, omissions, and fallacies of Said's arguments about the French Empire in North Africa. I shall confine myself, therefore, to Said's animadversions on the British Empire, which take up a good third of his book.

It need hardly be said that he hasn't a good word to say for the empire. Its sole purpose, it seems, was to oppress and exploit the peoples of Asia and Africa who were unfortunate enough to fall under Britain's malevolent sway. The only legacy it conferred was to make its former subjects, whether white, black, or brown, feel rejected and despised. How Said could come up with such a grotesque caricature, so much at odds with the historical evidence, defies understanding. The answer, in part at least, may lie in the sources he cites in his notes. These consist in the main of *parti-pris* works of Marxist or neo-Marxist provenance, among which revisionist studies of the New Left school predominate—the "innovative work" to which he refers in the passage quoted earlier. His exemplars include such authors as V. G. Kiernan, Noam Chomsky, and Ali Mazrui. His sacred texts are vituperative tracts such as Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*. The standard authorities, such as the six-volume *Cambridge History of the British Empire* or the equally massive *Cambridge History of India*, are nowhere to be seen. Nor are any of the works of the great scholars of British imperial history. Very peculiar.

Said's big thought, which he proudly italicizes, is that "the enterprise of empire depends upon the *idea* of *having an empire*." Not for him the old notion that much of the empire was acquired haphazardly, in a fit of absentmindedness, as it were. No, it was all part of a grand design, the intellectual foundations of empire being laid before the edifice was created. This, of course, is all nonsense. What Said is obviously unaware of is that the very word "empire," as applied to the overseas possessions of the Crown, did not come into use in Britain before the middle of the nineteenth century, by which time all these possessions, with the exception of the tropical African dependencies, the Boer republics, and a handful of Pacific islands, had already been acquired.

His lack of acquaintance with elementary facts about the empire shows up prominently in his section on British India, which he examines through the medium of Kipling's *Kim*. After beginning with the solecism of the "British East India Company" he goes on to speak of "British colonial officials" (India was never a colony admin-



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istered by the Colonial Office but, eventually, an empire administered by the India Office), and to categorize India as "a territory dominated by Britain for three hundred years." In reality, it was not until the Battle of Plassey in 1757, which consolidated the hold of the English East India Company on Bengal, that one can properly speak of the beginnings of British rule in India. It was not until nearly a century later, with the conquest of Sind and the Punjab in the 1840s, that one could talk of British "domination" in India. From there to independence in 1947 was a hundred years.

Said seems to believe that the abolition of suttee and female slavery only came in the wake of the Indian nationalist movement. So much for the labors of Dalhousie as governor-general in the 1830s. Incidentally, Said is strangely silent about the centuries-old Arab slave trade from Africa, which was suppressed not by Arab nationalists but by intransigent "imperialists" like Palmerston.

The "Great Game" is defined by Said as "a sort of political economy of control over India," which would have raised a laugh beyond the Hindu Kush. Does he know when and how the term originated, or anything at all about the contest between Britain and Czarist Russia in Central Asia? Has he at least read Curzon? One doubts it. The great viceroy never appears in his book—although Christopher Hitchens, Alexander Cockburn, and Anthony Lewis all get favorable mention. Said further informs us that "after 1857 the East India Company was replaced by the much more formal Government of India." It was not. The Government of India had existed, in name and in fact, since 1834. It was the Crown, on the revocation of the Company's charter in 1858, that assumed through the India Office (the renamed Board of Control) direct responsibility for the governing of India, and sovereignty over those territories where the Company had been sovereign. Details, perhaps, but one tends to weary of an author whose pages are studded with historical inaccuracies of every kind, who has never read an imperial dispatch in the original, yet considers himself fully entitled to pontificate at will about the deplorable nature of British rule in India.

He is equally at sea with the rest of the empire. Until the eve of the Second World War, he tells us, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, like the tropical colonies, protectorates, and other dependencies, were governed directly from London. Evidently he knows nothing of the Balfour Declaration (of 1926 on Dominion status, not that of 1917 on Palestine) or of the Statute of Westminster of 1931 which accorded constitutional recognition to the independence of the Dominions. That's what comes of failing to read the right books on the subject. Another instance of this failure, one among many, occurs in the section of his book devoted to the literature of resistance to imperialism. He writes, basing himself on a book by an Arab nationalist, George Antonius, that "the Arabs, after liberating themselves from the Ottomans in 1917 and 1918, took British promises for Arab independence as the literal truth." If the Arabs "liberated themselves" from Ottoman rule, one wonders what the armies of the British Empire were doing in 1914–18 in places like Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine, and Iraq. As for the accusation of British bad faith toward the Arabs, Said is on shaky ground in relying upon Antonius's book, *The Arab Awakening*, which is a work of pure advocacy, written for the purpose of influencing British thinking on Palestine on the eve of the Second World War. Moreover, its shortcomings have been devastatingly exposed by a far greater scholar than Antonius, the late Elie Kedourie, in his classic study *In the Anglo-Arab Labyrinth*. Said does not so much as mention this book, the existence of which he surely must, as a committed Palestinian nationalist, have been aware of.

The final fifty pages of his book are so embarrassing to read that it would be a kindness to draw a veil over them. He is outraged by the American air raid on Libya but not by the destruction of the Pan American airliner over Lockerbie or the French UTA airliner over Niger, the handiwork of Libyan terrorists. He deplores the war against Iraq, although he admits that Saddam Hussein was naughty to attack Kuwait. He concedes that the Middle East is in an appalling mess, the causes of which he quickly ascribes to the period of British and French domination, although he then goes on to lament that in those days, as compared with now, one could travel freely and in safety from Syria to Egypt. He holds the United States responsible for the Indonesian massacres in East Timor. He blames many of the troubles in the world on a demonic trio of "fundamentalists"—Ayatollah Khomeini, Pope John Paul II, and Margaret Thatcher. And so on.

What emerges from these semi-coherent ramblings is Said's abiding hatred of everything the British Empire stood for and everything the United States stands for in the world today. A strange emotion for someone who was educated at Victoria College in Egypt, an institution founded by the British for the education of the scions of the Arab upper classes, and who has found a rewarding academic career in the United States, crowned by appointment to a chair at Columbia University. But that is his affair. ☐

Opera, from Alpha to Omega

JOHN SIMON

The New Grove Dictionary of Opera, 4 vols., edited by Stanley Sadie (Grove, 5,324 pp., $850)

ONE of the best things that happened to me as a boy in Yugoslavia was Gustav Kobbé's *The Complete Opera Book*, which someone gave me. I had seen or heard very few operas at that time, but reading their plots was a wonderful experience all the same: such good stories even without the music, and unencumbered in the reading by tenors and divas with tonnage to rival the British fleet's. Granted, coming to opera by way of plot summaries is like entering a palace through the service entrance; still, once you're inside, the splendor is arguably even greater.

My copy of Kobbé was lost along with everything else I left behind in

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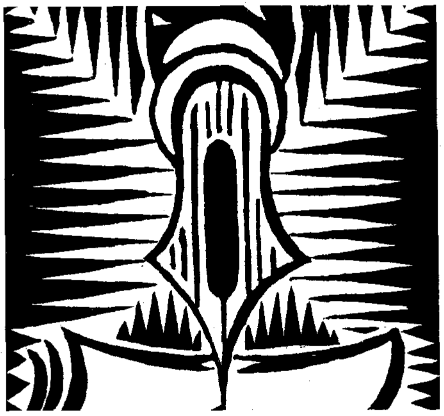
Mr. Simon, NR's *film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

Belgrade. But after a little over half a century of opera-going, I have had it restored to me in an incomparably finer avatar as *The New Grove Dictionary of Opera*, in four capacious volumes edited by Stanley Sadie. To those familiar with his twenty-volume *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, which anyone with any sort of interest in music must be, the opera dictionary (hereinafter GDO) is bound to be as exciting an arrival as a new novel by a favorite author to his most ardent fans. A more accurate analogy, perhaps, would be to call GDO Son of *The New Grove Dictionary of Music*, in that its material is 80 per cent new, and 20 per cent of their parents' quiddity is what I would guess most kids inherit.

Some 1,300 experts from all over the world have contributed 10,000 articles covering over 5,000 pages. There are entries on 2,900 composers, 2,000 operas, 550 librettists, and 2,500 singers. There are numerous illustrations, musical quotations, and useful appendices, notably an index of names of operatic characters, and another of titles of arias and ensembles. I cannot imagine an opera lexicon performing better than GDO does, to be sure at a cost of $850; but then, operatic stars never came cheap.

The typical lexicon has an easy time of it critically: it does not have to pass aesthetic judgment. I see on my shelves *A Dictionary of Angels* next to an *Encyclopedia of Fairies*. Clearly, all angels (except the fallen ones) are equally good and fair, and though some fairies are mischievous, it is easy enough to tell which ones are which. But once your lexicon has to include singers, things become pretty hairy. Mere facts about them would be paltry stuff; but describing voices is hard, and passing judgments on singers an open invitation to snarling dispute. Is it even seemly for an encyclopedia to hand out grades, especially when, all entries being signed, it must forgo the authority of anonymity?

But GDO valiantly assumes such critical responsibility. I turn to a singer I remember booing at the Met in my student days, Kurt Baum, and find that J. B. Steane concludes: "His strong voice and ability to bridge the German and Italian repertoire were valued; less so the charmless style and tight voice production, which also limit the appeal of his recordings."



That strikes me as a model of precision, concision, and incision. Now for one of my favorites, Denise Duval. The entry, signed (as so often) by two authors, André Tubeuf and Elizabeth Forbes, tells me she appeared at the "Folies Bergères" (incorrect for Folies-Bergère), which I didn't know, and concludes, "A very beautiful woman with great dramatic intelligence, she was a most gifted singing actress, as the roles composed for her by Poulenc demonstrate. She retired in 1965 owing to ill-health." (Actually, some South American quack, in an emergency, damaged her vocal cords.) The evaluation strikes me as perfect.

The thoroughness of GDO is reflected in articles on topics a lesser lexicon might have overlooked, such as "Rehearsals," "Publishing," "Seating," and the history of operatic production in cities as remote and seemingly marginal as Perm and Perth. This kind of book is almost dangerous in the hands of an opera enthusiast, who could easily get absorbed enough to neglect such humdrum activities as eating and sleeping. Its handsomely printed double-column pages invite browsing as much as looking up specifics. Where and how else would I have found out about *Marilyn: Scenes from the Fifties* by the Italian composer Lorenzo Ferrero, in which Marilyn Monroe closes an act by singing "a sort of long-distance duet" with Wilhelm Reich, the prosecuted psychiatrist?

You can look up directors and designers in GDO, get information on conductors and even on recordings, and there are charts and bibliographies. But the main thing, of course, is composers and operas. You will find instructive entries on even minor figures—say, the Brazilian composer Mozart Camargo Guarnieri (born 1907), whose operatic activity was limited to a one-act comic opera, *Pedro Malasarte*, and an unsuccessful one-act lyric tragedy. At the end of the piece, a note directs you (GDO's cross-referencing is excellent) to an entry on *Pedro Malasarte* itself. What exhaustiveness!

No less impressive is that a composer is treated here not only as the creator of operas; his non-operatic music, if important, is also given due recognition, and parallels between the two are often developed. The writing is not short on individual flavor, as when Jan Szmaczny, in the article on Dvořák, observes, "Marginalia in Dvořák's score of Charpentier's *Louise* reveal a somewhat prurient interest in the musical language rather than a fascination with *verismo* drama." How can interest in musical language become even mildly prurient? I don't know, but I applaud the writer's gutsy idiosyncrasy of expression.

I found the level of writing consistently high, except in the lost arts of grammar and correct usage. Thus I read in the entry on Gottfried von Einem "both works share the same playwright," in the one on Rousseau's *Le Devin du village* "consensus of agreement," in the one on Boris Blacher about plural "protagonists," in the one on *The Fiery Angel* the solecism "centered around," and so on. Yet the style is usually one of elegant understatement, as when we read that Mstislav Rostropovich's "operatic performances favor extremes of tempo and dynamics in support of emotional conviction," which is a nice way of saying the old boy is overdoing it. Again, Goffredo Petrassi's 1950 one-act opera, *Morte dell'aria* (which, by the way, means "Death in the Air," not the demise of the aria) "would lose little if presented as a cantata," which is a polite way of conveying rigor mortis in the drama department.

Certain errors are bound to creep into a work of this scope and polyglot nature. I can sympathize, for example, when the second "j" is dropped out of Sátoraljaujhely, the birthplace of the Hungarian mezzo Ella Némethy, or when, in the entry on Bartók, the playwright Lengyel's first name, Menyhért loses the accent on the second "e." (As Melchior Lengyel, incidentally, he provided the source material of Dietrich's *Angel* and Garbo's *Ninotchka*.) But some typos are troubling, as when we read about a "*meto* [*sic*] *perpetuo*."

There are, however, more serious shortcomings. The article on Bartók, for instance, could have mentioned how eagerly the composer searched for a second operatic subject after *Bluebeard's Castle* without ever finding one. And in the entry on that opera we read that the heroine, Judith, wants to "warm and dry [Bluebeard's] castle from him," which, of course, should be *for* him. Raffaello de Banfield, who set a number of Tennessee Williams texts, deserves inclusion at least for his *Una lettera d'amore di Lord Byron*, considering what sorts of minuscule talents do make it. In the entry on the composer Tadeusz Baird, we read that his one-act opera *Jutro* of 1966 "marks the liberation of mid-twentieth-century Polish opera from its overtly national ties," though this emancipation was achieved forty years earlier in *King Roger* by his great compatriot Karol Szymanovski. The article on *Opera* mentions the director Joe Chaikin as "Jo," which might mislead one about his sex. And so on.

And whereas it is forgivable when obscurer languages get misspelled, one would expect better French than "thème initiale [*sic*] de Mélisande" and German than "*Der Sprüng* [*sic*] *über den Schatten*" or "*Der* [*sic*] *lange Weihnachtsmal.*" In both languages, minor errors are not infrequent. And why is there no article on booing, a particularly important phenomenon in Italian opera houses, which may help keep Italian operatic performance on the mark?

Although the editor has commendably sought out appropriate contributors from far and wide, there are occasional slip-ups. For one thing, a sense of national pride makes the book bend over backward for British composers and operas, as, for example, for Harrison Birtwistle and his detestable *Punch and Judy*. For another, the writer chosen is sometimes too close to his subject, as when Ned Rorem is written up by James Holmes, with whom he has been living for decades. Again, it is curious to read in the entry on the German-Transylvanian composer Rudolf Wagner-Régeny that he was "the teacher of several well-known composers," to wit Bredemeyer, Dittrich, Goldmann, and Tilo Medek. I have never heard of the first three worthies, and have come across the fourth only as the signatory of that entry.

What I find most disturbing, however, is the choice of Richard Taruskin to write on Prokofiev. Yes, he is a leading authority on Russian music, but in an article in the *New York Times* a couple of years ago he consigned all of Prokofiev, with the exception of *Peter and the Wolf*, to oblivion. Accordingly, the entry on *The Fiery Angel* concludes with the weasely statement, "Though its difficult stage career and its reputation as [Prokofiev's] most modernistic work have lent [it] the aura of a *cause célèbre*, familiarity has not always worked to its advantage." Just what does that invidious "not always" mean?

Entries on modern subjects are most prone to errors, but these occur elsewhere, too. At the end of Auber's *La Muette de Portici* (1828), Fenella, we read, "flings herself into the lava." Since the eruption of Vesuvius has just taken place as a final *coup de théâtre*, and Fenella is in the city of Naples, the convergence of the twain is a bit premature. The girl merely leaps off a balcony to her death.

None of this, however, invalidates the enormous erudition, care, and catholicity that have gone into GDO, an achievement we are not likely to see surpassed in a very long time. But if you cannot afford, or do not need, a work so comprehensive, there is now available a splendid one-volume compilation, *The Oxford Dictionary of Opera*, edited by John Warrack and Ewan West. Though its much smaller format makes it something different from the GDO, it is still an astonishingly comprehensive and satisfying handbook. It actually contains a few things that GDO does not, for example the name of the play on which Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* is based (even if it gets the ending of the opera wrong), or the titillating information that the lyric and Wagnerian tenor René Kollo began as a pop singer.

And it is only here that you will learn that Stravinsky planned a last opera on the rebirth of the world after atomic disaster, a project thwarted by the death of the projected librettist, Dylan Thomas. And it is here, not in GDO, that you'll find the wonderful German term *Kravattentenor* (necktie tenor), defined as one "whose tone suggests that he is being strangled by his neckwear." In the *Oxford*, moreover, Fenella manages to off herself without benefit of lava. Even so, if money is no object, you will obviously get a great deal more from *The New Grove Dictionary of Opera*. But wait; if money is no object, why not acquire both? ☐

Color Blind

WILLIAM WILBANKS

Unequal Justice: A Question of Color, by Coramae Richey Mann (Indiana, 320 pp., $35)

AMERICANS have been led by television and newspapers to believe that the Rodney King beating and the subsequent verdict are typical of the treatment blacks receive from the police and courts. The media characterization of the U.S. criminal-justice system as racist is accepted by most blacks and a substantial minority of whites even though empirical evidence does not support that thesis.

The media, in their focus on the atypical (and thus newsworthy) event, are apparently unaware that researchers have failed to find evidence of systematic and pervasive racial discrimination in the processing of offenders. For example, *Criminology*, the journal of the American Society of Criminology, in 1987 published a review essay of the three most comprehensive books on the extent of racism in the American criminal-justice system, and found little evidence of discrimination. In 1983 the National Academy of Sciences reviewed the research on sentencing and found "no evidence of a widespread systematic pattern of discrimination in sentencing." And Patrick Langan of the U.S. Department of Justice reported in the 1985 *Journal of Criminal Law & Criminology* that the disproportionate number of crimes *committed* by blacks, as measured by

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Mr. Wilbanks is the author of The Myth of a Racist Criminal Justice System *(Brooks/Cole Publishing).*

the National Crime Survey (an annual, random survey of 135,000 Americans), almost totally accounted for the racial disparity in U.S. prisons for 1973, 1979, and 1982.

The above research has seldom, if ever, been reported in the media, but you can rest assured that *Unequal Justice: A Question of Color*, by Coramae Richey Mann, an African-American professor of criminology at Indiana University, will receive inordinate attention since it provides support for the media view that "the system" is racist. In the presentation of "news," which headline is easier to imagine: "New Study Finds No Evidence of Discrimination," or "New Study Finds Pervasive Racism"?

Professor Mann's review of the published literature on this controversial question is exhaustive (254 pages of text, 10 of footnotes, and 30 of bibliography) and contains the best available argument for the discrimination thesis. However, most even of those seeking a statement of and supporting evidence for the "minority perspective" will find her thesis too radical. Professor Mann claims that the racist criminal-justice system of today has been implemented by the white male capitalist elite to "maintain its hegemony" since the "means of economic and political control" used in the past "are no longer morally acceptable."

She maintains that the goal of the racist system today is to "warehouse" blacks and other minorities in prison and to expand the "criminal justice enterprise" so as to provide jobs for the majority group in the law industry —law-enforcement officers, probation officers, and lawyers—and in the construction industry. In short, she presents a quasi-Marxist conspiracy thesis similar to that of Jeffrey Reiman (in *The Rich Get Rich and the Poor Get Prison*), suggesting not only that the system is racist but that it is intentionally so, as part of some grand perpetual plan to subjugate minorities.

Professor Mann presents a good summary of past abuses against minorities (e.g., lynchings of blacks, wars against American Indians) and her own interpretation of research literature that demonstrates (to her) racial discrimination in the enforcement of criminal law. However, she provides no evidence for a connection between the past and (alleged) present discriminatory systems. The reader will also search in vain for any evidence of a capitalist conspiracy.

Some might even find Professor Mann's thesis and indeed her whole book racist, as she constantly attributes evil racist choices to those whites who designed and work in the criminal-justice system while suggesting that black cops and judges are always fair-minded and pure of motive, and that black criminals, whether burglars or killers, are either "political prisoners" or victims reacting to poverty and racism.

Professor Mann even extends her thesis to the academy: declares that only minority researchers should examine the etiology of black crime, for only they can "understand the nuances of the subject matter." She seems to see the world as made of "them" and "us" and attributes evil motives to "them" and benign motives to "us."

Persons less determinedly *parti pris* on the subject (i.e., 99 per cent of Americans) would be more likely to suggest that blacks account for 50 per cent of American prisoners because they account for 50 per cent of the "serious" crimes. Though there is considerable research supporting the non-discrimination thesis, such research is ignored or explained away here while research demonstrating racial disparities at various points in the criminal-justice system is presented uncritically and in great detail. Even outrageous claims (e.g., "It is not uncommon for white offenders to blacken their faces in order to disguise themselves and be mistaken for blacks in the commission of crimes") that support her thesis are quoted approvingly.

The author dismisses in a couple of sentences the fact that blacks are arrested at far greater *rates* than whites (by using "across-race analysis") and instead devotes several pages to the fact that the *pattern* of white and minority criminality (by using "within-group analysis") is similar. For example, she focuses on the fact that violent crime accounts for only 7.7 per cent of black arrests (and 3.3 per cent of "Euro-American" arrests) while less serious crimes account for 73.9 per cent of black arrests. Her argument seems to be: Since black and white criminality is *similar in pattern*, why is so much attention given to the *ratio* of black as compared to white criminality? The answer, obvious to anyone but Professor Mann, is that the greater rate—not the similar pattern—is the cause of greater black incarceration.

Professor Mann thus appears to argue that black offending is not greater than white offending, while at the same time she suggests that the greater level of black than white offending is the result of poverty and discrimination. But if black and white offending are equal, how can the equal level of black offending be the result of

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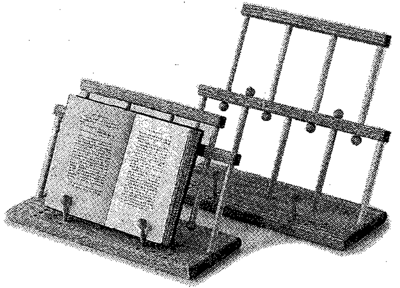

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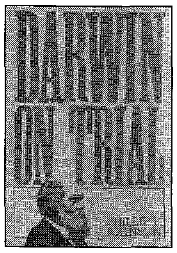

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discrimination? And what then causes the equal rate of white offending?

Unequal Justice argues, as we have seen, that blacks (as well as Hispanics, Indians, and Asians) are disproportionately represented in prison because they are unfairly selected for discriminatory treatment by the police and courts to ensure their subjugation. But the author's "disproportionate incarceration to design" argument is not consistent. She ignores the fact that incarceration disparities by sex and age are far greater than those pertaining to race. The black/white ratio is 8 to 1, for example, but the male/female ratio is 19 to 1. However, Professor Mann does not suggest that this disproportion proves the existence of a sexist conspiracy. Would she argue that the system that disproportionately incarcerates young males was purposely so designed by old women?

When Professor Mann turns to recommendations, she pleads for greater numbers of minorities in decision-making roles in the criminal-justice system. Yet she fails to explain why, in recent years, greater numbers of black policemen and black judges have resulted in a continued increase in the prison racial disparity. When pressed to explain this, she merely falls back on the theory that the black police and judges have been co-opted by the ideology of institutional racism. This theory comes close to suggesting that if black officials have not made a difference, they are little more than Uncle Toms. A better explanation would suggest that black workers in the criminal-justice system make similar decisions to those of white workers because both are making decisions based on the merits of the cases rather than on race.

It is, finally, difficult to discern the policy implications of *Unequal Justice*, other than that the U.S. should abandon its capitalist economy and reject the racist criminal-justice system designed by the capitalist elite. And substitute what? Perhaps the old Russian criminal-justice system? Or should the current Cuban criminal-justice system serve as a model?

One might also wonder why an author who believes that the criminal justice system is "selecting out" blacks for discriminatory treatment at the point of arrest, conviction, and sentencing does not propose racial quotas for arrest and prison (as proposed by Yale sociologist Wendell Bell) and for the death penalty (as called for by the Racial Justice Act currently before the United States Congress). If blacks make up 12 per cent of the general population and 12 per cent of the offenders, why not require that no more than 12 per cent of arrestees and prisoners be black? If it is unjust for our prison population to be 50 per cent black, what percentage would Professor Mann find acceptable?

Follow Professor Mann's arguments through to their logical conclusions, and you get questions like these. But she is not in the habit of rigorous thinking, so readers should not look for them to be either asked or answered in this book. ☐

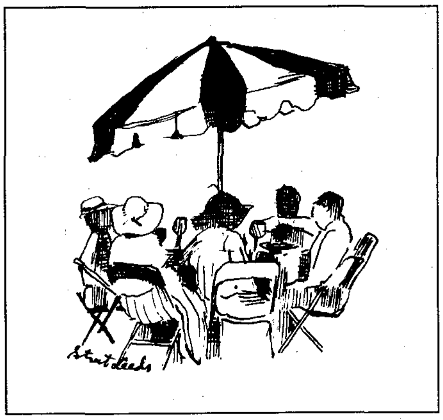
ART

Of Chocolate, Lard, and Politics

ROGER KIMBALL

THE one bright spot about the 1993 biennial exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art comes as one is traveling up Madison Avenue toward the museum. For a brief moment, as one approaches the building, hope flutters: there in front of the main entrance is a fire truck! Perhaps the ultimate act of performance art has just occurred and the Whitney is even now being gutted by flames. But no. The fire truck, a 45-foot-long fiberglass and aluminum toy courtesy of the "artist" Charles Ray, is as phony as everything on view inside. This discovery is a bitter disillusionment. Here at last was an example of environmental art that one could have wholeheartedly applauded.

There are over 150 items by eighty-odd hands in the 1993 Biennial, which opened in early March and is on until mid June. None, not one, is a work of art except in the technical sense that it has appeared exhibited as such in a gallery or museum. There is nothing of beauty or craftsmanship or formal excellence here: no delicacy, no joy, no pleasure, no recognition that artistic accomplishment requires more than political rage.



Instead, there are images of "artists" covering themselves in blood and mannequins wearing dildos and other sexual hardware; there is a large puddle of simulated vomit; there are pictures of transvestites and cartoons about incest and the oppression of women; there are endless banners, slogans, films, wall texts, and installations proclaiming the evils of patriarchy, the United States, capitalism, racism, elitism, Western civilization, "homophobia." George Holliday's video tape of the Rodney King beating is one of many home-made films that play continuously. Visitors are requested to wear one of several pins on which various words are printed: "I can't," "white," "imagine." The pins themselves, by one Daniel J. Martinez, turn out to be part of the exhibition. A few lucky individuals get pins displaying the whole sentence: "I can't imagine ever wanting to be white." "Performance art"—that ubiquitous euphemism for politicized psycho-drama—is everywhere. Typical is *Gnaw*, by Janine Antoni, which Elisabeth Sussman, chief curator for the Biennial, praises and explains in her essay for the exhibition catalogue:

> Antoni critiques a patriarchal community where eating is transgressive and the fat woman is an obvious taboo. Antoni's performative gesture is to bite away, chew up, and spit out chocolate and lard from large, modernist-looking geometric cubes, the sculpture of the Minimalists. The masticated lard is then remixed with pigment and remolded into lipsticks which are placed in packages, resembling large candy boxes, fabricated from the recycled chocolate. These "cos-

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Mr. Kimball is managing editor of The New Criterion.

> metics" are displayed in a mirrored cube that in this context reads as something between corporate architecture and modernist sculpture.

There is also lunch from Sarabeth's available in the basement.

What has happened to us? How is it that this semi-literate display of psychopathology and radical sloganeering can be held up as "a survey of the most outstanding and challenging American art produced during the past two years"? It is true that, for as long as anyone can remember, the periodic surveys of contemporary art sponsored by the Whitney have been the object of critical opprobrium. "This year's Whitney Annual," Clement Greenberg wrote in 1944, "is more disheartening than ever": "a new low," he observed the following year. He discerned "enormous improvement" in the 1947 Annual, but by the next year the exhibition had fallen back into its "old mediocrity."

But it is important to realize that all such strictures and discriminations are irrelevant to today's Whitney. When Clement Greenberg complained about the poor quality of the exhibitions in the 1940s, he was criticizing art that aimed at a certain level of aesthetic distinction and that failed to achieve it. Today, the whole idea of "aesthetic distinction" is something that is attacked as elitist, sexist, and Eurocentric by the curators of the Whitney and the "artists" they have enlisted to represent American art.

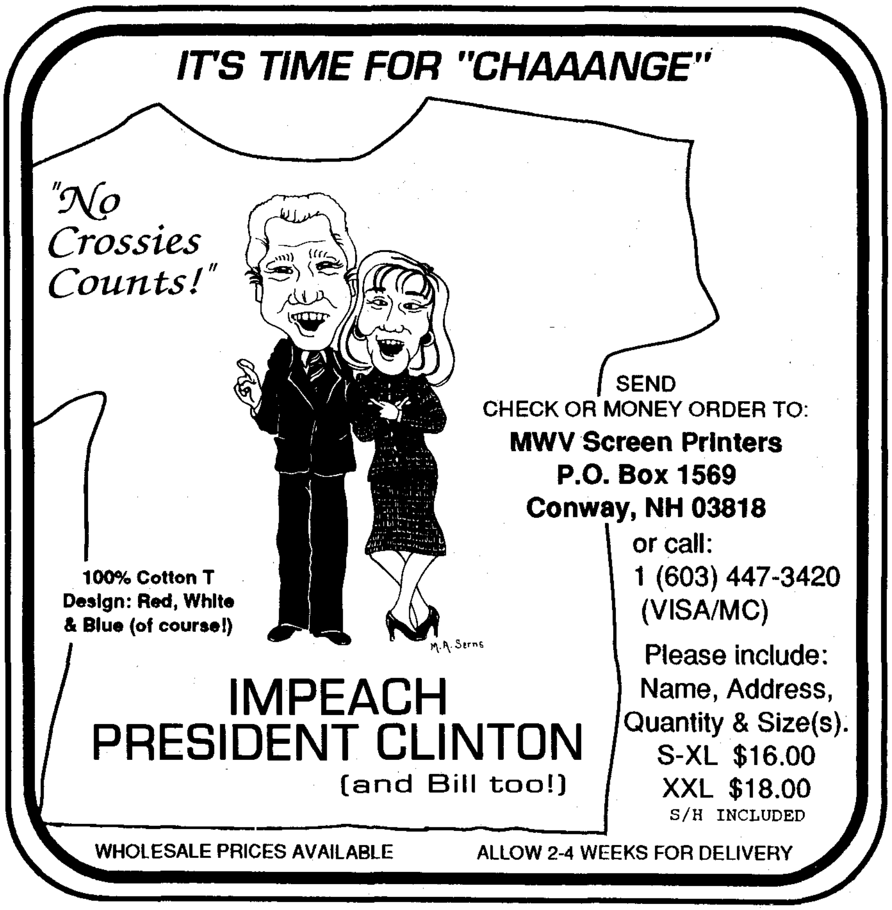
In this sense, the Whitney must be seen as yet another casualty of the Culture Wars. Like so many other institutions entrusted with preserving and transmitting culture, the Whitney has responded to the tide of cultural radicalism by total surrender. It has come to function less as a link with tradition than as a symptom of cultural degradation. The resulting spectacle is sometimes rebarbative, sometimes simply pathetic. "We will also be respectful of each others [*sic*] ideas and try at all time [*sic*] to listen to each other," we read in one "manifesto" accompanying this Biennial.

Nor are the ironies surrounding the Whitney confined to flagrant illiteracies. David A. Ross, the Whitney's director since 1991, has done little to conceal his ambition of completing the museum's transformation into an engine of political agitation. Of course, he doesn't put it quite like that to the public or to his trustees and donors. Instead, he speaks of art that is "challenging," "transgressive," etc., safe in the knowledge that many people are desperate to be seen supporting what is considered new, trendy, avant-garde. In his preface to the catalogue for the Biennial, Mr. Ross solemnly tells us that a museum should function not only as a "sanctuary" but also as "a site for the contest of values and ideas essential to a peaceful society." Exactly why a museum should have anything to do with a "contest of values" Mr. Ross neglects to explain; nor does he explain what any of the "ideas" espoused at the Whitney have to do with a "peaceful society." But never mind.

In truth, there are no contests of values taking place at the Whitney Biennial. On the contrary, it is the most conventional exhibition imaginable. It is pure academicism, 1990s style, completely undisturbed by any trace of independent thinking or fresh perception. Far from challenging or "contesting" received wisdom, the "artists," curators, and writers associated with the exhibition have merely parroted it. You can see the same loathsome objects and performances in fashionable galleries and on college campuses across the country; you can read the same turgid proclamations in academic journals and museum catalogues everywhere. The wacko feminism, the preening ethnic narcissism, the rejection of artistic standards, the naïve recapitulation of radical clichés about race, gender, class, "power," "the West": it's all here, stuffed in unlovely profusion into every nook and cranny of the Whitney's exhibition space.

What the Biennial confronts us with, in other words, is a new Alexandrianism combined with a new cynicism: decadence meets triviality to produce a higher vacuousness. The result of this vacuousness can sometimes be shocking or repulsive—certainly there is plenty that is repulsive in the 1993 Biennial—but that should not surprise us. An addiction to excess has always accompanied cultural torpor. Yet however excessive certain images or statements are in the 1993 Whitney Biennial, the numbing aesthetic emptiness and jejune political message of the "works" on view mean that the overall effect is tedium—blunt, irritating, unrelieved tedium.

The Whitney's previous director,



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Tom Armstrong, succeeded in transforming the museum from a serious institution dedicated to the study and preservation of American art into a plaything for a certain species of socially ambitious cultural radical. David Ross has dispensed with the smirk that accompanied Mr. Armstrong's tenure, replacing it with something grimmer and decidedly more ideological. It is widely rumored that one reason Tom Armstrong was removed from the directorship of the Whitney was his failure to win approval (and raise the money) for a proposed expansion of the museum. That expansion would have required razing the half-block of buildings to the south of the existing museum building. The 1993 Whitney Biennial reminds us once again that the wrong half of the block was slated for destruction. ☐

MANNERS ON THE JOB

Fired! Ready! Aim!

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

IT'S HARD to remember now, but the weekend after a thousand pounds of nitric and sulphuric acids exploded under the World Trade Center, speculation about the identity of the bombers focused on two groups: crazed Serbians, and "disgruntled employees" of the Port Authority, which operates the Twin Towers.

The phrase—"disgruntled employee"—strikes fear into the heart of law-abiding Americans. It's one of those media clichés which, unlike the frequently heard "chilling effect," condenses truth rather than muddying it. Hear the two words together on the radio while you're in the shower, the noise of the water allowing only snatches of narrated news to get through, and instantly the body freezes in mid soaping.

It has become almost commonplace for the worker with a grievance to take a gun (or guns), show up at the office, and shoot everybody. Indeed the single word "disgruntled," which once carried the comic suggestion of distressed grunting, is all you need to hear to know that something terrible has happened.

Post offices seem to be particularly susceptible to such employee fermentation. In November 1991, Thomas McIlvane, dismissed from his job as a mailman, entered the loading dock of the post office in Royal Oak, Michigan, and walked around the building spraying fire from a Ruger semiautomatic carbine, killing three supervisors and wounding 14 onlookers, before shooting himself.

The same year, Joseph M. Harris, former mail sorter in Ridgewood, N.J., stabbed his former supervisor to death with a samurai sword, then visited his former workplace and shot dead two more postal workers. In a note left at his home, he recalled the 1986 murder, by another disgruntled post-office employee, of 14 people in a post office in Edmond, Oklahoma. He didn't mention the 1989 murder of two postal workers in Orange Glen, California, by another (disgruntled) postal worker. Thinking about such stories while visiting your own local post office gives a sinister twinkle to the customary sullen stares from the men and women behind the counter.

Nor is it only Postal Service employees who seem to love their job so much that losing it can drive them to murder. CNN's *Moneyline* reported last month that 350 Americans have been killed in the past decade by "disgruntled employees." Recent cases include Robert Early Mack, who shot two executives at General Dynamics in San Diego after they fired him; and Paul Calden, formerly employed at a Fireman's Insurance office in Florida, who waited eight months after being laid off before returning to the office and killing three former supervisors.

The killer needn't, however, commit his crime on the job site itself. Last April in Roseville, California, a young man was fired from his job on the assembly line at the Hewlett-Packard electronics plant. Instead of blaming Hewlett-Packard, he settled on a high-school history teacher who had flunked him a couple of years earlier. In May, the twenty-year-old high-school drop-out, identified by the *New York Times* as a "disgruntled former student," returned to Lindhurst High School in nearby Olivehurst and fired blasts from a shotgun and .22-caliber rifle into randomly selected classrooms, killing four people. "The school failed me," Eric Houston said over and over as this was going on. "They left me with a c----y job."

The country's deadliest shooting, in Killeen, Texas, on October 16, 1991, was performed by a man driven by anger at women and frustration at the fact that, two years back, he had lost his job as a merchant seaman. And so George Hennard drove his pickup truck through the plate-glass window of Luby's Cafeteria, walked coolly around the premises, shot to death 22 people, then adjourned to the bathroom and shot himself.

The *Washington Post* noted, in puzzled surprise, that Hennard "apparently never worked for the [Luby's Cafeterias] chain or even applied to work there." Imagine that.

"If you're firing large numbers of people," warns one "crisis-management" expert interviewed by CNN, "you're liable to have a large number of people who are very disgruntled." Reporter Kitty Pilgrim adds that "all of [this] can be avoided if management is sensitive and realizes that even in the most difficult times employees are human beings, with fears and hopes."

Is insensitivity really the culprit here? Is it unemployment? Or is it the easy availability of guns? What has changed about America in the past few years to produce such dangerously high levels of disgruntlement?

Surely bosses haven't all of a sudden turned significantly more capricious or cruel in this era of law suits. Unemployment is higher than we might like, but lower than it was at other times in American history when employees did not come looking for their bosses with a samurai sword.

As for guns, since the end of the Civil War, when returning war veterans made firearms a common appliance of civilian life, America has been a well-armed country. Fashion in the late nineteenth century dictated that a gentleman's trousers include a "revolver pocket" at the waist: the well-dressed man was assumed to be carrying a gun. Yes, today a David Koresh can amass a formidable stockpile of guns, but so could he have done twenty years ago. And yes, semi-automatic weapons are now obtainable:

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR's *literary editor.*

George Hennard used a Glock 17, capable of firing 17 rounds per magazine. But, while such guns may hike the body count, they don't increase the frequency of rampages by disgruntled employees.

While this is unscientific, it seems to me that a century from now historians will look back on ours as a time of great disgruntlement—and not only among former employees. More and more, we Americans are an irritable, uncivil, bitchy, self-pitying, dissatisfied, disgruntled group of people. In his new book, art critic Robert Hughes calls the environment we live in the "Culture of Complaint." That's putting it mildly.

The symptoms are familiar to everyone, as is demonstrated by the obvious sympathy with which more than five million people have so far viewed the new Michael Douglas movie, *Falling Down*—about a deeply disgruntled urban consumer who takes matters, and a variety of deadly weapons, in hand. (Remember the scene in the fast-food restaurant?)

Famously, the condition is reflected in the rhetoric we are instructed to use in describing the things that annoy us. A black mayor who, out of some combination of fear and ineptitude, fails to prevent black rioters from murdering a Jewish man is denounced as a "Jew hater." A U.S. President who opposes affirmative action is denounced as a "racist." A woman seduced into sleeping with a man she doesn't care for is encouraged to call the act "date rape," and to think of all men as "potential rapists."

Though tempting, it would be unfair to blame the politically correct community for the depredations of lone gunners who never heard of Al Sharpton or the Duke English Department. But there is something about the rhetoric of victim-group discontent that, in its undiscriminating violence, recalls the random shotgun blast into the crowded classroom. It's as if something in us, nationally, *wants* to get seriously, seriously angry. Most likely, the PC rhetoricians and the disgruntled employees are merely reacting to the same black funk of a national mood.

Mass (as opposed to serial) murder in America was once a crime committed mostly by political partisans and lunatics. In 1920 outside the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company on Wall Street, anarchists detonated a wagonful of dynamite and killed 33 people. Early mass-shooters include Howard Unruh, who in 1949 shot to death 13 people, in 12 minutes, in Camden, N.J. Unruh said he would "have killed a thousand if I'd had enough bullets," and was promptly carted off to an asylum. He wasn't disgruntled, just nuts.

Today mass murder is as likely as not to have been committed out of personal pique. It's in the atmosphere; you don't even need to have been born here to be affected by it. Take the case of Gang Lu, a native of China.

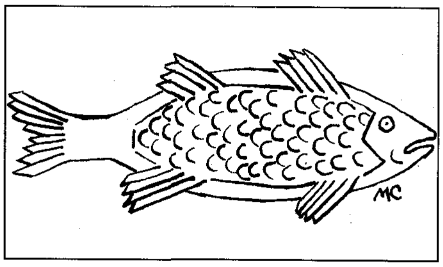
In November 1991 this disgruntled former graduate student in astrophysics at the University of Iowa shot four professors in ten minutes. Mr. Lu was angry that the Physics Department had awarded a $2,500 prize to someone else's doctoral thesis instead of his own. "He had a very bad temper," a fellow student explained. In his few years on American soil, Mr. Lu had proved himself a quick study of what, increasingly, it means to be an American. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Loss of Eden: A Biography of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, by Joyce Milton (HarperCollins, 520 pp., $25)

JOYCE Milton is probably best known to *NR* readers as the co-author of *The Rosenberg File*, the definitive study of the spy case. In *Loss of Eden* she writes alone, and with consistent brilliance, about Robert Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Charles Lindbergh is deservedly a hero for his 1927 flight, but this book refutes my own view that he got a bad rap from FDR. Lindbergh was not just a "non-interventionist" during the period immediately before World War II. He loathed the sloppiness of democracy and the prevailing yellow journalism. The brutal kidnapping of his son reinforced his negative feelings about America. Despite his assumption of expert knowledge, he was taken in by the Nazis and admired their alleged efficiency. It is clear from this book that Lindbergh had an engineer's mind, and was more at home with engines and aerodynamics than with the more complicated issues of history and personal relations. Thus his marriage—to the sensitive and introspective Anne Morrow, who was in awe of him, but more reflective and with a tendency to mysticism—was not altogether happy. The book also contains much rich information about the culture of the time, especially the anti-war America First movement. Joyce Milton has written a splendid piece of biography and cultural history. P.S.: Hauptmann did it.

—JEFFREY HART



Eye for an Eye, by Erika Holzer (Tor, 251 pp., $18.95)

THE opening of *Eye for an Eye* rivals in graphic horror the shower scene in *Psycho*. It's October 31, and a mother in Manhattan is on the phone to her daughter in the suburbs. They're interrupted by a knock on the daughter's door—ghosts and a Muppet come trick-or-treating. Once inside the door, the teenage ghosts throw off their sheets and proceed to gang-rape and murder the young woman as the mother listens. At the funeral someone slips a card into the mother's hand: "Victims Anonymous" is all it says. And so Karen Newman, a divorced, middle-aged PR executive, is recruited into a vigilante network that needs her talents to go national against a society and a criminal-justice system gone berserk. In this novel, Mrs. Holzer, who is both a lawyer and an experienced journalist, hurtles at breakneck pace from one scene of cunning and violence to another, as she explores the ethics of frontier justice transposed to the urban battleground. Her characters may be a little larger than life—too handsome, too seductive, too virile, too wicked, too pure—but what she has written, for all its street smarts, is a modern-day morality play. A word of warning: Although *Eye for an Eye* is a page-turner, it should be read with attention lest some of the subtler nuances of this well-crafted and ingenious plot, with its O. Henry twist at the end, be missed.

—PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 O	2 G	3 C	■	4 T	5 A	6 K	7 J	■	8 F	9 O	10 M	11 S	12 B	13 Q	14 E	15 I	16 D	17 L
■	18 B	19 R	20 F	■	21 O	■	22 J	23 G	24 M	25 P	26 A	27 H	■	28 N	29 T	30 K	31 E	32 L
33 D	34 O	35 I	■	36 Q	37 R	38 J	■	39 C	40 H	41 K	42 G	43 P	44 D	■	45 S	46 M	■	47 I
48 J	49 N	■	50 C	51 E	52 O	53 F	54 A	55 I	56 B	57 D	58 M	59 H	■	60 U	61 R	62 F	63 C	64 P
65 D	66 I	■	67 A	68 B	69 E	70 J	71 O	72 Q	73 K	74 H	75 N	■	76 G	77 A	78 D	79 M	■	80 P
81 F	■	82 C	83 K	84 R	■	85 U	86 J	87 L	88 G	■	89 S	■	90 B	91 D	92 T	93 K	94 I	■
95 H	96 E	97 L	98 N	99 S	■	100F	101O	102A	103N	104U	105Q	106H	107C	108P	109K	■	110F	111L
112E	113H	114T	115M	116O	■	117H	118B	■	119G	■	120C	121R	122E	123S	124H	■	125A	126Q
127K	128P	129M	130J	131U	■	132L	133T	134F	■	135O	136C	137T	■	138G	139A	140J	141M	142R
143D	144I	145C	■	146B	147O	148Q	149C	150I	151P	152K	■	153T	154Q	■	155J	156D	157U	■
158L	159N	160I	161G	162F	163S	■	164A	165N	166E	167O	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A.	Trickery	125 77 54 102 67 26 5 139 164
B.	Casual kind of comment	12 146 18 90 56 118 68
C.	Coven's work	63 107 136 145 82 3 39 50 120 149
D.	Inure	156 78 57 33 143 91 65 44 16
E.	Make angry	112 69 51 14 166 96 31 122
F.	Netherlands seaport	20 62 100 81 162 134 110 8 53
G.	Lock variety—for the mortuary?	138 23 119 88 2 42 161 76
H.	Absolute must	74 40 106 59 113 95 117 27 124
I.	Complicated—architecturally speaking	160 94 15 150 55 47 144 66 35
J.	Noel's time	38 48 22 70 7 155 130 140 86
K.	Short-lived David Lynch TV series (2 words)	30 6 73 109 41 152 83 93 127
L.	Sold lots	111 97 132 158 32 87 17
M.	H. B. Stowe title character (2 words)	129 46 24 58 115 79 10 141
N.	Nerd at the chicken farm?	165 98 75 103 49 159 28
O.	Mulish—and proud of it	147 9 135 1 167 52 34 21 71 101 116
P.	Twentieth-century musical genre	43 108 151 128 80 64 25
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U.	Follow	131 104 60 85 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. BILL THOMPSON: *Our President*: "No matter how hard I try, I can't seem to think of Bill Clinton as President of the United States. Driving along Interstate Thirty recently, I saw a sign trumpeting Hope, Arkansas, as the hometown of 'President Bill Clinton.'"

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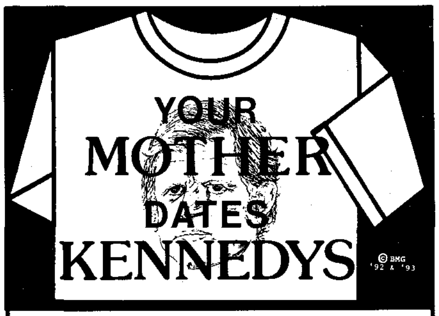

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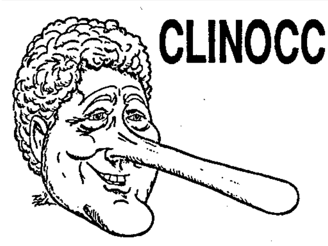

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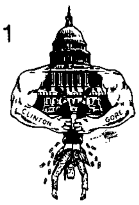

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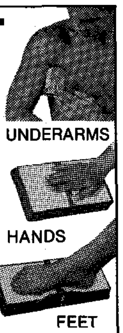

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Where Is Cuomo Going?

ALBANY, MARCH 24

Up Albany way there is—political talk. The retirement of Justice Byron White inevitably focuses attention on the Big Figure in Albany, who has been that since his election as governor 11 years ago. What you learn is that there are several schools of thought in his court about King Arthur.

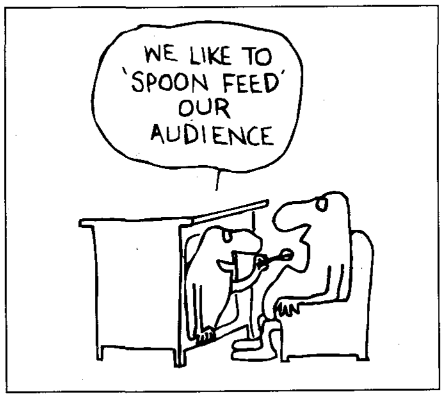
One of them says that he is, quite simply, burned out. That the responsibilities of the governor are so heavy, in particular at this time, that Mario Cuomo is determined to do something else after the end of the current term. We say "at this time," because the times are very bad for the governor. New York is in an advanced state of decomposition. In 18 months, beginning in the spring of 1991, 400,000 New Yorkers lost their jobs, and that represented 40 per cent of all the Americans who had lost their jobs owing to the recession. The average state gained 10.4 per cent in population over the past decade; New York's growth rate was only one-quarter of that. The Business Council of New York State acknowledges that many leave because economic conditions are oppressive and the prospects of improvement less than bright. Others point out that the blight extends beyond the economy. The crime figures are high, and frightening. Schools, on which extraordinary sums have been spent, are demoralized. The jails are twice as crowded as when Governor Cuomo came to Albany, but crime nonetheless rises. And the single largest cause of crime, our drug laws, isn't something concerning which Mr. Cuomo has anything interesting to say.

So, this school of thought says: It is a perfect time for Mario Cuomo to go elsewhere.

Another school says that he is certainly not behaving like a lame duck. He is as aggressive an omnipresence as if the election were going to be held tomorrow. He keeps all contacts at high-ready voltage, he has a campaign chest groaning with money, and a well lubricated cadre. He is, to say the least, sensitive to his near-defeat by unknown candidates the last time around. Next year he would need to face the probability of a single candidate, backed by both the Republicans and the Conservatives. It is not reassuring to face such odds after 12 years of state disintegration.

The talk of an immediate alternative future for Mr. Cuomo centers of course on the Supreme Court. Although there would be opposition to him as a liberal heavy, he would almost certainly be confirmed—what else to expect from a Democratic Senate? But then one wonders whether Mr. Clinton would lead right off with a Cuomo nomination. It would be a provocative act, on the order of nominating Laurence Tribe of Harvard. Better, Clinton advisors may be suggesting, to hold off on Cuomo for a couple of years, let him go to the Court after its hard-liberal character has already solidified at the hands of quiet liberal dogmatists, who are perfectly easy to find, among the law faculties and in the courts. There is plenty of time for Associate Justice Mario Cuomo.

To which a corollary is that Mario Cuomo is very much the evangelist. Now there is lots of room for evangelism on the bench. But this is of the academic-scribbler variety. Lord Keynes reminded us that we are all at the mercy of academic scribblers who, in their garrets a generation ago, extruded those dribs and drabs of doctrine that end up controlling our destinies. Who would have thought that the most influential human being in postwar America would have been Earl Warren of California?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So Mario Cuomo could certainly get his kicks from trying to shape the Constitution more to his liking. But he likes the rafters to shake when he pronounces. He is used to gripping twenty thousand people and leaving them wet with his inspiration. In this respect he can be likened to Jesse Jackson, who would not be happy in the eremitic halls of the Supreme Court.

Where might former-governor Mario Cuomo preach from? Oh, as president of some college or university, or perhaps as a foundation head. Money? He doesn't hunger for Wall Street affluence. New York public servants are allowed to keep their speaking fees, and these are considerable. How would life be, New York without Cuomo? I am reminded of the Spanish guide to whom, in the mid Fifties, I put the question: How was life in Seville since the departure of Cardinal Segura? She replied with great piety: "When Cardinal Segura left us, he and we passed on to a better world." ☐

Fighting Fire With Fire

NEW YORK, MARCH 19

If you are behind on causes that are politically correct, add: Women should have the right to engage in combat. If the subject has interested you at all, you will know that a presidential commission narrowly voted against women-in-combat, but that the commission's chairman came out for permitting women to serve in all manner of battle-designed ships, including submarines, excepting only amphibious landing craft.

One or two episodes have had an impact on the question. The first is the famous "Tailhook" event. Everybody in sight was punished, and the fires of resentment illuminated targets of opportunity for the strategic planners in the feminist wars. Another episode involved a skit of some kind at an officers' equivalent of the Gridiron Dinner at which people have no problem making fun of the President of the United States to his face. But to do that is not Politically Incorrect, whereas on this occasion, one of the skits used a poster of Pat Schroeder, who is the Genghis Khan of the women-in-combat legions, with the legend, "Beer Is Better than Schroeder, Because Beer Never Has a Headache." Maybe Bob Hope or Johnny Carson could get away with such a line these days, but not so naval officers. The result was three veteran fliers derailed, so to speak, to desk jobs, and one admiral disgraced. The vigilantes of feminism treat Pat Schroeder like Anne Frank.

But when actually exposed to the specific arguments, advocates of women in combat are left with a single point. It is that if Lieutenant Jane is as good a flier as Lieutenant John—perhaps better, even—why should she not be permitted to do what John is permitted to do, namely to fly in combat? Opponents offer three arguments, though any one of these—the lawyers call this "pleading in the alternative"—is sufficient.

The first argument is utilitarian: Combat duty, especially on the ground, tends to demand the final measure of strength. Women are, on the whole, about 40 per cent weaker than men.

The second argument is sociological: The fraternization that brings on an effective bond in fighting units must not be distracted, as inevitably it will be, by romance or privacy. When our armies went to Desert Storm they were dutifully equipped with condoms. It was nowhere supposed that these would be used for close-quarter work with Arab ladies swathed in chadors. And indeed the rate of pregnancy in the Gulf War was about the same as at residential camps and bases: about 15 per cent. Military experts tend to agree that conjugal relationships do distract from the totality of effort require by a fighting unit.

Finally, in suggesting that the male predisposition to protect the female should be ignored, aren't we sticking our meddling little fingers into the chemistry of relationships from which much that is concededly civilized issues, for instance, the call to protect the hearth, to honor the mother and care for the child; to shoulder the burden that corresponds with the capacity of the male to carry a greater physical burden, even as the woman bears so many burdens distinctive to her own sex?

Florence King dealt wittily in *NR* a couple years back with what she called "Eve Fatigue." Miss King's point is that Eve Fatigue is on the horizon, a tiny little dot now, but maybe it will save us all from such positions as that unisex in the trenches is the right way to achieve equality. A "sign that the Pentagon may be moving from the Potomac marshes to Eve Fatigue Flats was a news story about Captain Linda Bray, America's first war heroine, who liberated a dog kennel during the Panamanian action in 1989. Linda Bray is no longer in the army. . . .

"Warning women against careers in the infantry, the five-foot-one, 105-pound Linda Bray recites a cautionary tale worthy of Phyllis Schlafly: 'I carried too much weight. I always felt pressure in the military. "You don't have very much weight in your rucksack. Why don't you carry a little more?" I kept adding more until my hips broke. I can't run, jump. I can't even go grocery shopping without having to sit down because it hurts.' "

That may be caricature, but then caricature (the female Sergeant York) begs caricature (Linda Bray). □

The Church's Newest Cross

NEW YORK, MARCH 22

It was old news when *60 Minutes* did its segment on Sunday, but the impact was powerful. Mike Wallace did his usual devastating job, the more effective because of his scrupulous fairness. When the emissary sent to Santa Fe to clean up the clerical boy-brothel started to explain that paedophilia was a terribly difficult disease to cure, Mike Wallace calmly told the reverend father to leave Freud out of this and explain just how it was that a Catholic archbishop moved paedophiliac priests to a different set of altar boys, and then went back to tending his own concubines.

What is going on? Well, what is going on is the practice of a despicable sin in a world in which people shudder from the use of the word "sin." I do not know whether the archbishop in question is a student of Fr. Charles Curran, but it is worth recalling that when Fr. Curran was told by the Vatican that he could not teach Catholic theology at a Catholic university there was a general outcry, with everybody talking about academic freedom while the poor Vatican was trying to talk about theological sin. Fr. Curran, in the course of his imaginative courses in morality, came up with the idea of "proportionate reason." What you are forbidden by the Church to do you must not do, but if you do do it, and there is proportionate reason to do it, then that is a mitigating factor. Unless we laymen have missed something, that means that if the girl is devastatingly attractive, it is more understandable if you take her to bed. Under the doctrine of proportionate reason we would be enticed to assume that the paedophile priests are to be . . . understood . . . because of the irresistible attraction to them of young boys, even as the bishop who was supposed to protect his flock was fornicating away, though perhaps he desisted during Lent.

The Catholic Church has one very big black eye. There are even actuarial results: insurance companies will no longer write liability protection for the Church. I suppose it is time to hear from a Catholic legal organization that we should have federal and state laws setting a limit on recovery by parents of boys sodomized by Catholic priests.

Granted, granted, the sordid affair has to be put in context. A statistician reports that there have been one thousand Catholic bishops in the history of the United States. Exactly two of them have been charged with sexual crimes. That is the good news. The bad news is the crimes themselves, and two questions having to do with the handling of them.

The first question is: Why is it that Catholic officials who knew about the criminal behavior of the priests didn't report it to the local prosecutor? Isn't this what the law calls misprision of felony? That a rapist wears the cloth ought not to shield him from prosecution. We are all owed an explanation, first, of the lack of action by the relevant church authorities in the country; second, by the apparent inaction of prosecutorial agencies defending the laws of the land.

Inevitably, the Catholic American asks himself: How is it that the Vatican hasn't been heard from? The Pope is not so isolated that we do not hear him plead against the execution of a random South African killer, or of a Spanish terrorist. Why hasn't the Pope thundered against the commission of a crime that disgusts the moral community, and profanes his church?

And curiosity takes us still further. This is the age of Aquarius, all right, and self-denial is all but unconstitutional. But what is it that is not being done in the seminaries to guard against the ordination of men who prepare to devote their entire lives to the propagation of the faith, but are apparently too weak to withstand the temptation to engage in the corruption of youth, the greatest sin, if sins can be ranked, of those listed in the New Testament?

Pope John Paul II is no more a moral weather vane than the Rock of Gibraltar. In 1988 he denounced "proportionalism," and has spoken out continually against the notion that private judgment authorizes "dissent" from the Church's moral teachings. But the silence of the Vatican cannot be excused on the traditional grounds that to speak out would be to "give scandal." If *60 Minutes* can talk about a Catholic scandal in America, so can Vatican Radio and the *Osservatore Romano*. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE’S CORNER

She

HILLARY CLINTON’s obsession with Eleanor Roosevelt brings back old times.

One afternoon in 1940, our family doctor unwrapped his blood-pressure cuff from my grandmother’s arm and took my parents aside for a conference.

“You’ll have to stop her from reading that column.”

He meant “My Day” by Eleanor Roosevelt. As usual, Granny had snatched up the paper and turned directly to the fatal page. As she read, I saw the faint pink birthmark between her brows darken until it burned like a scarlet brand. In another moment she seemed to be imitating the contents of my Crayola box, as lethally glorious shades of maroon, magenta, and vermilion suffused her face and spread down her neck and chest, turning her heaving bosom (cup size DAR) into multitudinous waterwings incarnadined. Suddenly, she dropped the paper and emitted a strangled cry.

After the doctor’s ultimatum, my father came up with a solution: “Florence likes to cut things out of the paper. Let her cut out the column before your mother sees it.”

I couldn’t read but I had no trouble finding “My Day” because Mrs. Roosevelt’s picture was on it. Even at four I would have known that face anywhere. It worked a couple of weeks, until Granny had another seizure bending over the trash can to retrieve the discarded columns. My parents decided it was safer to let her read, so my career as the Littlest Censor came to an end.

Granny rarely called Mrs. Roosevelt by name. She was “She.”

“She made him pack the Supreme Court.”

“She made him recognize Russia.”

“She got them all stirred up!”

When the subject was over her head, like the gold standard, she used her all-purpose accusation: “She drugged him.”

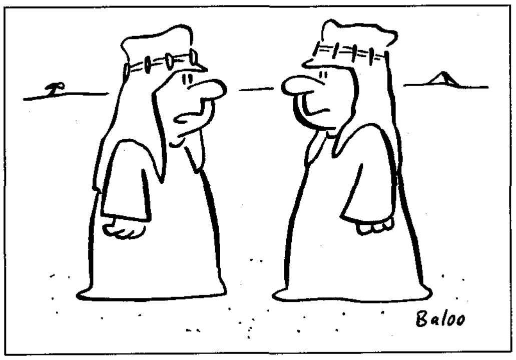
Thus, when we saw the movie of H. Rider Haggard’s *She*, I thought it was a newsreel about Mrs. Roosevelt. I kept waiting for her to appear; finally, when the withered old woman died in the snows of Tibet, I whispered to Granny: “Is that Mrs. Roosevelt?”

“Would that it were!”

Hillary Clinton can commune with Eleanor’s spirit, pray to her, “identify” with her all she wants, but our new First Lady will never be “She,” and not only because she clanks around dragging the chains of all three of her names behind her. The differences between the two women are immense.

I never look at Hillary without thinking, “Who *is* this yuppie dreadnought?” At least Eleanor went back to something we knew, if not in our lives, at least in our racial memory: the lady of the manor. Viewed from this angle, her do-gooding came across as part of a reassuring social hierarchy that seemed all the more solid for her efforts to dismantle it.

“These poor gypsies seem to be having a difficult time,” she wrote to Harry Hopkins. “Is there any chance of their being put on a homestead in Florida or Arkansas, where they could be warm and where they might carry on their coppersmith work as well as farming?” Thus do left-wing aristocrats use their hereditary privilege of goofiness to maintain class distinctions. The trick is remembering not to call people “human resources.”



“I’m basically anti-Western, except that I’ve always enjoyed Gunsmoke.*”*

Eleanor, like Hillary, had repulsive friends. Esther Lape and Elizabeth Read were rich lesbians whose Greenwich Village socialist salon was ER’s favorite hangout in the Twenties when she was First Lady of New York. She also had her own private Three Fates—Rose Schneiderman, Maud Schwartz, and Marion Dickerman. They were such chromos that no one had to be told that they were thick with the Women’s Trade Union League—one look and you just knew.

Eleanor’s friends were no oil paintings, but they had something Hillary & Co. lack. In their tweed suits and men’s ties, with the nicotine-stained fingers of bohemian intellectuals and the grim facial expression that used to be called “intense,” they remind us there once was a time when obnoxious women were at least authentic bluestockings, instead of uncultivated, syntax-deprived policy wonks who smile with both rows of teeth.

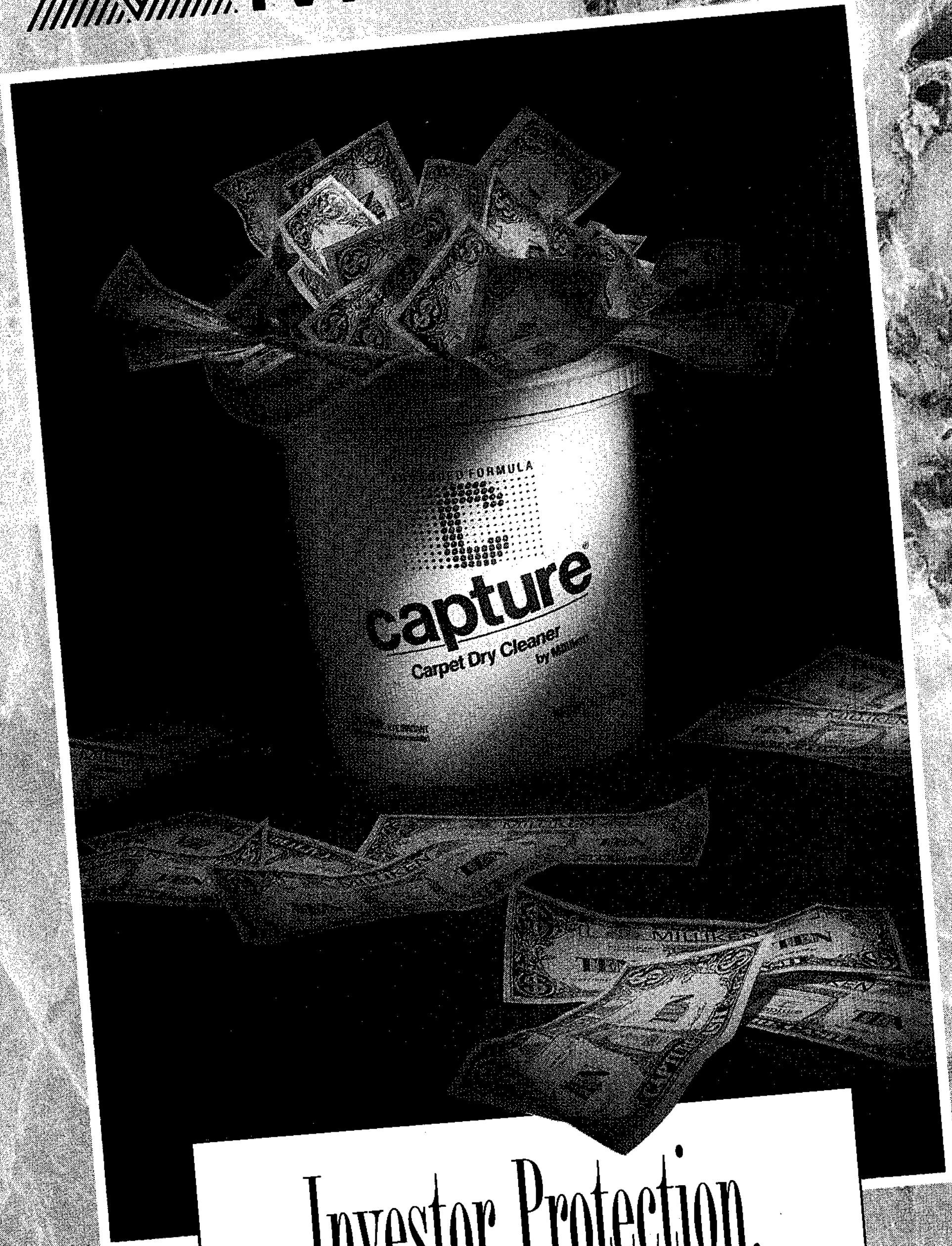
It’s easy to imagine ER’s friends at Auntie Mame’s soirées, denouncing anti-Dadaists or reciting “Leaves of Grass” after their seventh Singapore Sling, but the Friends of Hillary would never get in the door. They all look like Agnes Gooch, except for Laura Tyson, who looks like a Class Chaplain. As for the alleged lesbians among them, they are less Willa Cather than Dykes on Bikes.

THE BIGGEST difference between Eleanor and Hillary is the sexual climate of their respective First Ladyships. Men and women did not hate each other when Eleanor entered the White House. The Suffragettes were still fresh in people’s minds, but they had gone after the vote and nothing else, and when they got it they faded away. Respectable matrons and virtuous spinsters, they did not rend the social fabric with single motherhood and paranoid harassment charges as modern feminists have done, so Eleanor never became a symbol of destructive female sexuality.

Hillary has come to power at a time when men are roiling with an entirely justified loathing of women, so our First Symbol should not be surprised if they look at her and think: “Her briefcase sucks forth my soul; her capped teeth *are* the towers of Ilium.” —FLORENCE KING

Miss King’s latest book is With Charity Toward None.

MILLIKEN



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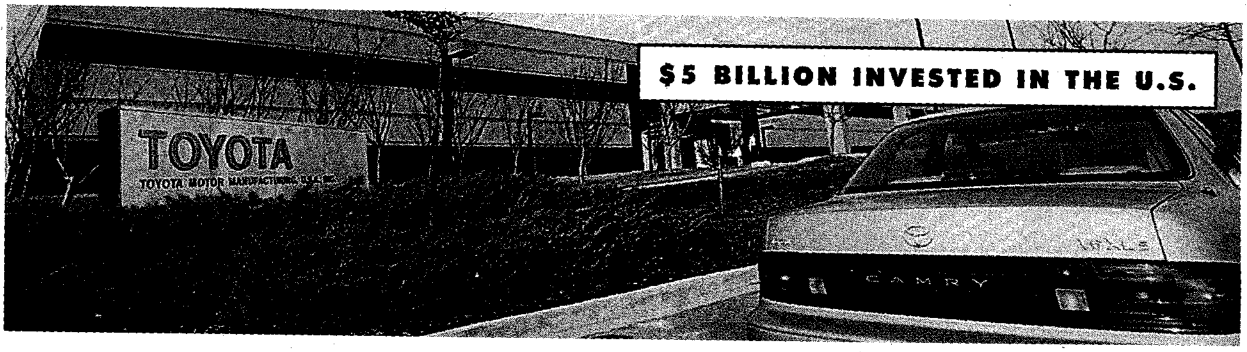
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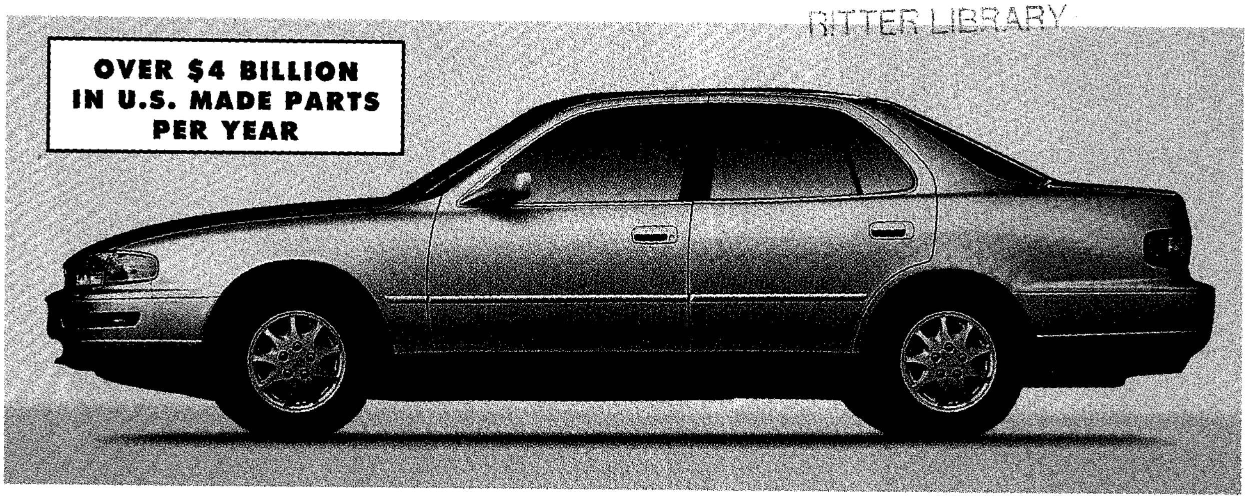
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